

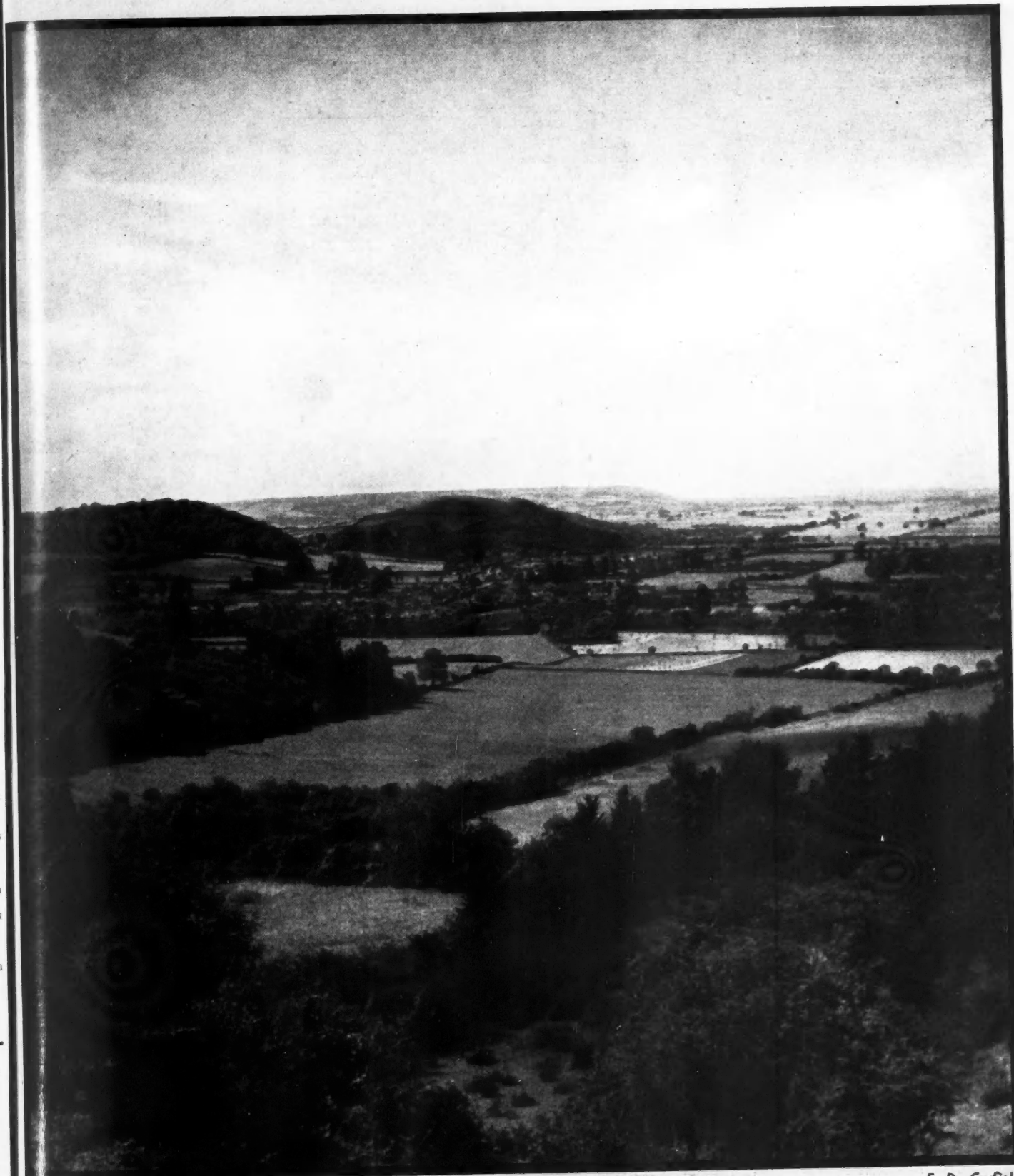
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COUNTRY LIFE

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OCTOBER 5, 1945



Harlip

LADY MARY ANNE BYNG

Lady Mary Anne Byng is the eldest daughter of the late Earl of Moray and of Barbara Countess of Moray, of 1, Hans Place, S.W.1; her marriage to Mr. Leonard Byng, only son of the late Mr. F. G. Byng, and of Mrs. Byng, of 19, Hyde Park Street, W.2, took place on September 20

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NATIONAL GEOLOGICAL RESERVES

THOUGH the process of "accretion" round areas and properties which for one reason or another it is desirable to preserve as they are has obviously a very important part to play in providing us with the National Parks to which we look forward, the two ideas of preservation and recreation should be distinct in our minds. This specially applies, of course, to areas where Nature Reserves have been, or should be, created in the interests of wild life and with the intention of keeping intact the existing ecological interplay. To the average man the need for the preservation of geological features is less apparent. They are not vulnerable, like plants or animals, or not to the same extent; and he does not realise how easily the "classical" geological features of this country may be damaged or obscured. The foundations of the science were largely laid here, and to a geologist of any nation hundreds of areas, great and small, in this richly-documented land mass are sacred ground. They preserve the original and historic hieroglyphs whose laborious deciphering has thrown open to mankind the whole of the geological record. And even where the historic interest of a geological feature is subordinate to its excellence as an object lesson—by the way in which it displays a definite scientific type—its destruction or concealment is a serious dis-service both to science and to education.

Were we all geologists we should realise that the destruction of the historic example of anticlinal and synclinal structures in a quarry near Bolton Abbey or the concealment of an internationally famous shoal of fossil fish exposed along an Isle of Wight foreshore would be a crime; in many cases just as easy to commit as our ancestors found the obliteration of most of the remains of Roman London. It need not surprise us, therefore, that the Nature Reserves Investigation Committee should ask that a large number of small-scale geological features and sections of outstanding interest should be scheduled, *more Americano*, as National Monuments. They extend this recommendation to a much larger number of controlled and "registered" sections which they wish, in the interests of science, to prevent from being irretrievably obscured by building or dumping of refuse, or otherwise rendered inaccessible to geologists. Here, of course, there must be a balance of interests. Restriction of development which does not render a section actually inaccessible or obscure could hardly be asked for in the interests of science alone, and the geologists who have drawn up the Report very sensibly suggest that undue restriction of active industrial undertakings on geological as distinct from amenity grounds would do more harm than good to science. Those who know to what extent, in their field work, geologists have always had to rely on the sympathy and good-

will of the quarrying and kindred interests will realise how true that is.

Of more general public concern, perhaps, are the recommendations with regard to "Conservation Areas," both those which contain within a small compass many features of unusual interest to geologists and those in which geology is an important element of natural beauty. The plea is that both should be maintained from a geological point of view, as far as possible in their present condition, working quarries being registered and new quarrying forbidden without approval from an appointed authority. Though the sites chosen for preservation have been selected primarily for scientific reasons, there is no avoiding the fact that they include many of the most famous stretches of scenery in England and Wales, and show once more how, in the selection of areas for preservation, many reasons will be found to reinforce one another. In some cases, for instance (most notably perhaps in that of the Long Mynd-Clun Forest Region) previous recommendations of an area for conservation because of its amenity or biological value now find themselves supported and reinforced by the strength of a purely geological interest. This is, of course, by no means the only instance in which practical results of applied geology are of aesthetic importance. Agriculture is, in essence, one of them, forestry another, and together they combine with the massive substructive geological evolution (or catastrophe) now created to provide the background of beauty against which we live.

AGE

*INEXORABLE Nature, take
From me my range and strength of limb,
And let my once unfaulting sight
On far or wonted scenes grow dim,
And let my garden take the place
Of what green England was to me.
But to preserve, my God I pray,
His gift of sensibility.*

H. J. MASSINGHAM.

THE THREAT TO HARLECH

DURING the war it was not decent to grumble no matter what beautiful and beloved spot was "taken over" by the military authorities and nobody did grumble. Now, however, it is permissible to do more than "murmur a little sadly," and the threat to the beauty of Harlech has aroused strong feeling. There has been an anti-tank range on the noble stretch of plain (with a glimpse of Snowdon in the distance) on which Harlech Castle frowns so majestically down. It is one of the great views of this country and incidentally the range interfered with the fine golf course on which Harlech largely depends for its prosperity. So when the Director of Military Training announced his intention of maintaining the range in peace-time there was very natural agitation; the announcement has now been declared a mistake and it is probable that some higher authority will take a hand in deciding the question. Merioneth is, it is true, the most thinly populated county in Wales, but its population is concentrated precisely along the seaboard thus menaced. Yet for years the War Office have had a large artillery range among the desolate mountains inland at Trawsfynydd which is rarely used and would surely serve as well. It is hard to believe that this despoiling of one of the loveliest places in the lovely county of Merioneth will be permitted, though it cannot be denied that this is only one illustration of a complex but temporary problem.

PROFIT-SHARING IN AGRICULTURE

LORD PERRY'S report on the Fordson experiment at Boreham makes interesting reading, especially when accompanied by a claim that all the available land in Britain could be put under good cultivation if the principles of the experiment were nationally applied. If it is not easy to see how this could be done, and there are few standards of comparison, the financial results of Mr. Ford's system of management are certainly impressive. The two thousand acres involved were bought at £20 an acre and another £10 was spent in putting the land into good heart. Lord Perry's

report deals with a period of ten years, during which the principle was that agricultural labour should pay only a fixed sum for the use of the land and other capital employed. Though the farms and associated interests are now charged four per cent. on capital used, Mr. Ford has never been paid rent, and this income has been used for improvement and extension. Total sales in the ten years were £914,630, and labour cost £469,634, or 50 per cent. So far as the workers are concerned, their reward was specified as the whole of the yield of the land after covering expenses, the shares being fixed after earnings were ascertained. The weekly drawings of permanent employees are said always to have exceeded the statutory minimum wage, and in addition all received an annual sum equal to 45.6 per cent. of their weekly earnings. After ten years, the distribution of surplus earnings amounted to £147,246 and 181 workers had saved £60,651. It is, of course, difficult to pass judgment on the venture without a great deal of detailed information, but these figures certainly support Lord Perry's claim that—with such a profit-sharing scheme—at any rate on the land and in the conditions selected, accumulated earnings can be put back into food production and without speculation earn sufficient reward while labour can earn the wages necessary to maintain an adequate standard of living.

TREASURES BROUGHT TO LIGHT

THE hiding places of Europe's national art treasures during the war were, in many cases, so extraordinary that some enterprising author could compile an interesting book with some such title as *Modern Methods of Concealing Works of Art*. Others, on the contrary, were just buried in the traditional way. The Coronation Stone of Destiny, perhaps Britain's most mystically sacred relic, was buried in the precincts of Westminster Abbey, though the Chair, made to contain it in 1300 by Master Walter, Edward I's painter, was walled up in Gloucester Cathedral. In common with most other precious things they have now been exhumed, but the process of reinstatement will be slow for many of them. Advantage is being taken of the re-assembly of such of the Abbey's historic contents as was removed to display it to the public at the Victoria and Albert Museum at the end of this month. The royal effigies of the mediæval kings, beginning with William I, are of course the finest examples in the country of mediæval sculpture, yet they are almost invisible in their proper places and cannot possibly be appreciated for what they are. The same applies to much of the sculpture in Henry V's Chantry and Henry VII's Chapel, which will be exhibited at the same time, and much of which can only be examined in photographs. Some of the photographs in the National Building Record exhibition at the National Gallery last year, for example, were revelations to most people of the majestic power of these effigies. It will be the opportunity of a lifetime to see them effectively lit and displayed.

THE RESTAURANT CAR

THE railways announce, with a no doubt pardonable patting of themselves on the back, that there will soon be restaurant cars more and in considerable quantities. To the traveller, though very humble and by no means ungrateful for small mercies, may take a rather cynical view of this latest benefit. What, may ask in effect, is the good of a restaurant car when it is nearly, if not quite, impossible to reach it through a solid mass of humanity in the corridor? If ever he did get there he might never be able to get back, and when he did get back he would almost certainly find that somebody had taken his hardly won seat. To say so much is not to be unkind to the railway companies who have had during the war years a terribly difficult job and have done it with unflagging spirit. What is wanted is more trains, an instalment of which is, it is true, also being restored. Until the process is completed the prudent voyager will stick to his sandwiches, and his seat, from which no more glittering prospect, involving perhaps yet one more queue, will lure him.



Cecil Maudslay

THE BACKS, CAMBRIDGE

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

WHEN, in connection with the destruction of game, the words "ground vermin" are used the weasel is always included, and out of consideration and respect to the hunting man the fox is not, but then the British, as a race, are usually discreet. If one should examine a keeper's larder, when the exhibits are nailed on the wall of his shed, one will find quite as many shrivelled corpses of weasels as of stoats and rats, and I often wonder how much definite evidence there is of game murder against this small and attractive member of the carnivora. When one compares the perfect symmetrical lines of the weasel's body and legs, his neat well-fitting coat and his white shirt front with, say, the shaggy misshapen body of the hyena, with both the head and hindquarters out of proportion, one realises that Nature as a designer has her on and off days.

I have had a family of weasels in occupation of my garden for the six years of war, and frequently see them in the poultry runs, and even round the sitting-hen coops, but, so far as I know, I have never lost a bird through them—not even a day-old chick. Everything would seem to prove that the main diet of the weasel is the various varieties of the field mouse as, wherever these small animals are active, and I find them a constant pest in dwarf pea rows and among the sweet corn, there will the weasel be seen.

At the present time a pair of them are busy mopping up the mice in my potato shed, where, every year, a large community of these small voles finds comfortable Winter quarters in

the dried bracken which covers the potato heaps. Here they are a very considerable nuisance as, owing to the lack of sanitary methods in their abodes, the rot they create among the tubers is even greater than the damage they cause by gnawing. From time to time recently I have seen a weasel emerge cautiously from the shed with a mouse in its mouth, and as the days go by this cautiousness would seem to decrease, for it seems to me that the creatures of the wild have a special instinct which tells them whether they are popular, or not. I will not go so far as to affirm that my weasels understand English and appreciate my exhortation to "get on with the good work, old chap," but I do believe they know by now that their presence is welcome, and that they have nothing to fear from me.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT has supplied me with some evidence, which might be used either by the defence or the prosecution of the bird that is usually placed right at the top of the list of undesirables where game is concerned. This is the little owl, and on a big shoot in Herefordshire, where these birds are very numerous, the keeper shot several during the pheasant breeding season, but a close examination of the crops, castings and pellets revealed no trace whatever of pheasant chicks. The owner of the shoot, who had a sneaking regard for little owls,

decided that they were not guilty, and instructed the keeper to shoot no more.

Shortly afterwards the keeper reported that the owls were still taking chicks, and careful watching revealed that the bodies were carried to a certain spot where they were left on the ground, but not eaten. The owls, it appeared, were not interested in pheasant meat at all, but they were most interested in the burying beetles which the decomposing bodies attracted. The keeper is now trying an experiment, and by placing in the owls' beetle trap some less expensive bait than pheasant chicks, such as dead rats and rabbit paunches, he hopes to be able to raise sufficient insect food with these cheap substitutes to satisfy the owls' requirements.

* * *

THE only analogy which I can think of, which in incongruity approaches the use of young pheasants as a lure to attract beetles, is the bait which some of the Gulf of Suez Arab fishermen put on the hooks of their long lines to catch a particularly coarse and flavourless cod—a cod which is almost in the war-time Iceland class. This is a superb and succulent prawn about eight inches in length, which would be worth its weight in gold to-day.

* * *

I HAVE recently walked down a long stretch of chalk-stream, which has been improved by the local Catchment Board, and so much has been written and said about the conditions of rivers after the attentions of these water experts that it is impossible to add a new note to the chorus of condemnation. There were three things, however, which struck me, and one is that the enormous and unsightly heaps

of gravel, sand and mud left on the banks have put out of action, for all time, so much good grazing land that one has lost on the swings more than one may, problematically, gain on the roundabouts. I should have thought that the proper dredging of rivers included also the removal of that which has been dredged, though it is possible that this might cost more than the actual dredging. Secondly, we know that the Catchment Boards apparently have had unlimited funds and unlimited Italian prisoner-of-war labour so that the question of money did not arise, but if all this work, which has been done, is figured out in what is called "cost of output per man hours" can it ever prove an economic outlay, will the return in better crops on better drained land repay the expenditure? The last point is that the Catchment Boards have achieved their object and turned this stream, like so many others, into a swift-flowing canal on a smooth gravel bed, but how long will it stay like this?

FROM my small experience of flowing water—and I have had my full share of setbacks, disappointments and disasters—the floods of Winter, stage-managed by that self-willed old lady, Dame Nature, will immediately start forming sand and gravel banks which will act as dams, scoring out holes which will check the flow of the stream, and will create swift runs and eddies that will cut away the banks. Unless the supply of Italian prisoners of war continues indefinitely and is available whenever required for further dredging, I should imagine that the rivers will all be back again very much where they started at the end of five years at most. The question is therefore whether the resulting improved crops will pay for a thorough re-dredging every five years or so, or whether we shall return to a *status quo ante bellum*. As these depressing views are only those of an uninstructed river wanderer, and not those of an expert hydrologist, they need not be taken very seriously.

AMONG the many benefits which modern agricultural practice has brought in its train is one that possibly was not foreseen, and this is that the drastic cutting back or removal of hedgerows has deprived the Autumn migrant sparrow of his roosting site between meals of ripening corn. It would seem that the ravening sparrow, whose work of destruction is immense, is very much a creature of routine, and when at harvest time one flushes a flock of several hundred birds, which rise in a brown mass from the corner of a wheat field, it will be noticed that in every case the particular corner selected is provided with a high hedgerow on which the cloud alights. If a suitable roosting spot with bushes of the correct height is not available the sparrow prefers to forgo his meal, as, for some reason connected with security, he will not face a long flight when flushed from the corner. Possibly it is merely the fact that it is difficult to fly far when the crop is at bursting point with stolen wheat.

QUARRIES OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

By EVYN THOMAS

THE stone quarries of the Lake district—Honister, Elterwater, Keswick, Little Langdale—enjoy an international reputation for the quality of the stone and slate produced. Most of the quarries have been working less than 100 years, but some of the smaller ones can trace continuous production for 300 years and more.

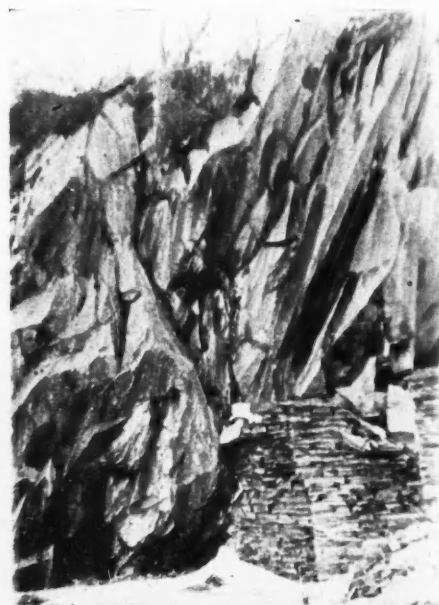
It is impossible to convince a Lake District

quarryman that any better stone is hewn in other parts of the world, and he has something more than pride of craft to warrant his belief. He can point out that his handiwork has received the highest possible awards at international exhibitions, and that time itself has proved that it will withstand the heaviest weather and last for centuries.

One of the quarry foremen in Langdale



THE TEXTURE OF LAKE DISTRICT STONE ON ROOFS AND WALLS BUILT IN QUEEN ELIZABETH'S REIGN. BORWICK HALL, LANCASHIRE



T. E. Smith

A SLATE QUARRY IN WINTER-TIME

proudly showed me the roof of his cottage, saying, "It has been up for 300 years and never been touched," adding with a smile, "Better than Welsh slate you know, even though the stone does weigh less and split finer."

There is a great rivalry between the blue slate of Wales and the heavier green slate of Cumberland and Westmorland. This greenish hue is not a constant single colour, as different quarries are known for their lighter or darker shades. The Brathay quarries are especially known for a range of colour extending from blue-grey to almost black.

I was curious to know whether there was any advantage attached to the thick Westmorland and Cumberland slates, and received the information that, although the use of the meant thicker beams to carry the extra weight of roof, thus bringing up the cost of building, yet the much longer life, combined with practically no repair bills, more than compensated for the higher initial outlay. It seems that a ton of Lake District slate covers an average of 22 square yards of roof, while the same amount of Welsh slate will roof an area of 28-32 square yards.

Elterwater slate is shipped to most parts of the world. Africa is a regular customer, and



Will F. Taylor

ROOF PATTERN OF LOCAL SLATE. GRANGE

one of the largest and most modern hotels in Bermuda has a roof that originated in Langdale. The first vessel to be torpedoed in the Great War was a steamer sailing with a cargo of Elterwater slate down the English Channel.

Elterwater stone is chosen for all kinds of work where a smooth surface, charm of colour and lasting qualities are necessary. The memorial stone of "Dick" Sheppard of St. Martin-in-the-Fields came from this Langdale village, though the quarrymen themselves privately thought the design rather ugly. The cutting of modern fireplaces is an everyday affair to the dalesmen, as also are polished tiles to be used in covering floors. The paving of the aisles of Lincoln Cathedral originated in Langdale, and the men who cut the tiles for it modestly admitted in this case that the final result wasn't bad.

Much of the crazy-paving in English gardens comes from the Lake District. Such stones are throw-outs sold cheaply by the ton. They contain "bars," or what a layman would call knots, and will not split kindly. The technical name for the discarded stone, which is suitable only for drain-covers and use in other odd jobs, is "battings."

Every visitor to the Lake District has admired the houses built of the local stone like a green porphyry, but few know that it is coarse-grain slate, unsuitable for making into slates for roofs.

Very varied orders are received at the quarries. One was for several thousand tiles of various shades of green to be ultimately used in copying an Italian mosaic floor. Another was for a clock-face nine feet in diameter. It was found impracticable to do it in one piece, so three pieces were used. Tombstones are in constant demand from Langdale, and 500 were shipped to Irak to be used on British military graves.

Up to seventy workmen are employed in the average quarry, and boys are apprenticed for seven years in order to learn the trades of rock-hand, river (or splitter) and dresser. A dresser chisels the rough stone into blocks ready for the river, who splits them into slates. A record set up by one dresser was the squaring of the edges of four tons of rough stone in a day.

Slates are of varying thicknesses, depending upon the needs of the buyer or the use to which they are put. A good average is 20 to 1 cwt., at which rate the thickness will be about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. There are times, however, when only four slates are required per cwt. of stone.

Just as life in the dales became modernised through the phases of tallow-candles, oil-lamps and calor gas to electricity from the grid or a private plant, so has all quarrying, which in the old days was done in every process by hand.

Trucks full of boulders had to be hauled up steep inclines by human strength or at times by pony, but now powerful engines do the work by cable. Handboring used to be a slow process, but nowadays compressed air borers are found in practically every quarry. In the future, modern machinery will do away with many of the intricate jobs still done by hand.

But the greatest speeding up of production has come through the use of circular saws. These are indeed remarkable machines, for in each tooth of the blade are embedded two tiny diamonds set in peculiar formation.

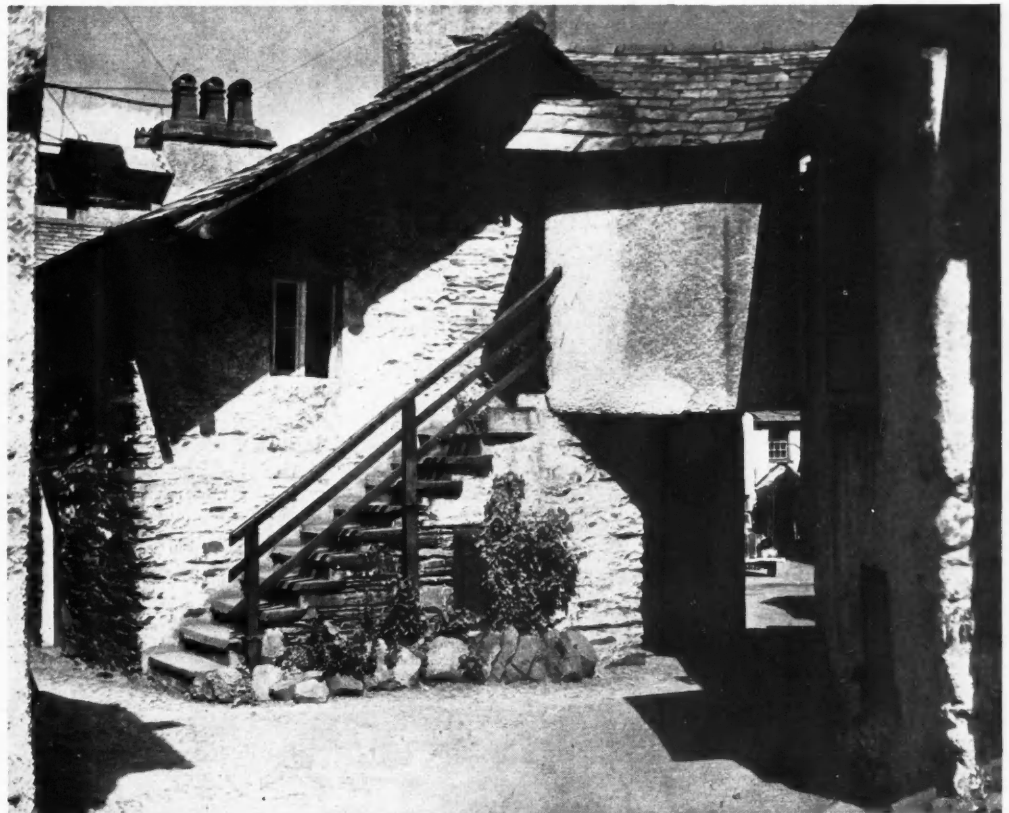
One tooth has the diamonds on the left-hand edge. The next has them fitted into the

middle, while on the third they are set on the right-hand edge, and so on successively round the blade. This method ensures a smooth and even cut; also it prolongs the life of the blade to a remarkable extent. The care with which these saw-blades are handled can be understood by the fact that the replacement cost is £180.

The quarrying of Lakeland stone is not carried on without some loss of life; yet fatal accidents are fortunately rare. At one typical quarry there were only four in twenty years. Strangely enough, most injuries are not the direct result of doing some job, but by falls of rock during Winter. The frost penetrates cracks and loosens huge chunks of stone which, during a thaw or extra bad frost, fall without warning.

Curiosities are often found by workmen. From Keswick came the famous Skidder musical stones, with which the Teale family made a lot of money on the halls.

Phenomena which appear fairly frequently



J. Hardman

A REGIONAL ARCHITECTURE OF LOCAL MATERIAL. HAWKSHEAD
The covered way, external stair and heavy slate roofs are typical of Lake District building



KILN OF LOCAL STONE AND SLATES. SKELWITH BRIDGE

WORDSWORTH'S COTTAGE, GRASMERE
Typical traditional use of local material

SLABS OF SLATE READY FOR TOMBSTONES. LANGDALE

T. E. Smith

are bronze-coloured cubes set in the rock and varying from $\frac{1}{4}$ in. to $\frac{3}{8}$ in. in size. They are invariably dead square when tested by a micrometer, and are so hard that they will cut glass once. If used a second time they are found to be blunt. A geologist to whom they were shown expressed the opinion that they were most probably half-formed diamonds. Indeed, they are called "diamonds" by the quarrymen, and are rather unwelcome finds, for they spoil the cutting edges of the saws.

One of the most interesting discoveries ever made was after a block of stone had been split into two preparatory to a final dividing into slates. On one of the halves could be seen, in perfect detail, the outline of a bird's nest set in the fork of a tree. In the nest was seated a bird on four eggs, but perhaps the strangest part of the whole matter was that on further examination the outline of the nest could be seen faintly on the outside of the block. It was considered too risky to try splitting the stone once more as a means of telling whether the picture went right through the whole piece, and so it was carefully varnished and



THE BRIDGE HOUSE, AMBLESIDE

Singularly illustrates three uses of Lake District stone: for bridging, walling and roofing

now the property of the son of the river who made the find.

It is a common occurrence to find the outlines of ferns on pieces of freshly-blasted rock, but these soon fade—sometimes in a matter of seconds when exposed to sunlight.

The overseer of a Little Langdale quarry told me of a 2-inch wide fissure, or dyke as he called it, which is supposed to be miles deep—at any rate, of unknown depth—and which stretches all the way across the Lake District.

It has been noticed in every quarry opened. He also expressed himself puzzled by the fact that most rock faces either rise to the east and fall to the west, or *vice versa*.

Royalties are paid for slate-quarrying rights just as for coal-mining rights, and if another person happens to hold the surface rights (*e.g.* for grazing) extra royalties have to be paid for the privilege of tipping waste stone.

With the restarting of road- and house-building the ugly tips will vanish quickly, as this surplus material is in great demand for mixing—as a flux—with concrete. During the war there was little output in the Lakeland quarries, and all stocks were taken over by the Government at the outbreak of war.

However, skeleton staffs have kept the machinery in good repair, so that production might be started as soon as post-war circumstances should permit. Soon orders will not be lacking, for one would have to travel far before finding more dignified and solid houses than those which are built of Westmorland and Cumberland stone.

ON HORSEBACK TO THE SEA By FRANK W. LAW

THERE are many who feel that long rides in this country without previous organisation or official sponsorship are not possible—or are at best uncomfortable. We have done them before, and we had another recently which it is perhaps worth while to record in these days of mechanical invasion. True, quarters were sometimes humble, and rations meagre, but enjoyment was never dulled, and we were welcomed wherever we arrived. I am not speaking of a ride accompanied by such luxuries as boxing and telephoned arrangements; ours are just chance-you-arm affairs, and sleep under a rick if necessary—though in point of fact we never did.

There were four of us, the other man being Richard Maurice—very senior, very staunch, and a horseman and horsemaster before anything else. He rode his home-bred Gina—a whimsy we bred bay mare who resents comment upon her behaviour almost as much as her owner does (but I must be careful here). I rode the chestnut commonly called Jinks, but in moments of dignity—and they are not few—it is preferable to refer to him, if in his hearing, by his full title of Mr. Blenkinsop. A grand powerful fellow, with more than a dash of Suffolk Punch in him, blessed now, alas, with as many years as he stands hands; stout-hearted as a lion and full of humour.

We each carried two pouches on the pommel, with a mackintosh rolled and secured over them; a saddle-bag on one side and a feed on the other. This, with the inevitable ordnance maps, is ample for a ten-day trip such as this was. Our sole pre-arrangement was the certainty of a roof for our first night—and when we arrived we found that, not having mentioned a meal, we were not expected to need one. Something adequate if simple was extemporised, and the deficit was taken in fluid form. Although the European War was just over, no real peace-time facilities were available.

We had a large share of road hacking, using such bridle paths as were possible. We were often unable even to use the verges on account of their uncut condition, the long grass concealing such undesirable traps as culverts, broken glass, and barbed wire. Turning-out difficulties were also increased by the time of year, as many fields which would have served were down to grass and uncut. This list of obstacles is given merely to show that in spite of them the trip was possible and thoroughly enjoyable.

The difficulties were offset by the natural advantages of the part of the country we chose—for the south of Essex possesses great character, is stiff with history, and peopled by folk as charming and interesting as one could hope to meet anywhere. Comparatively few know this part of England well; what a lot they miss!

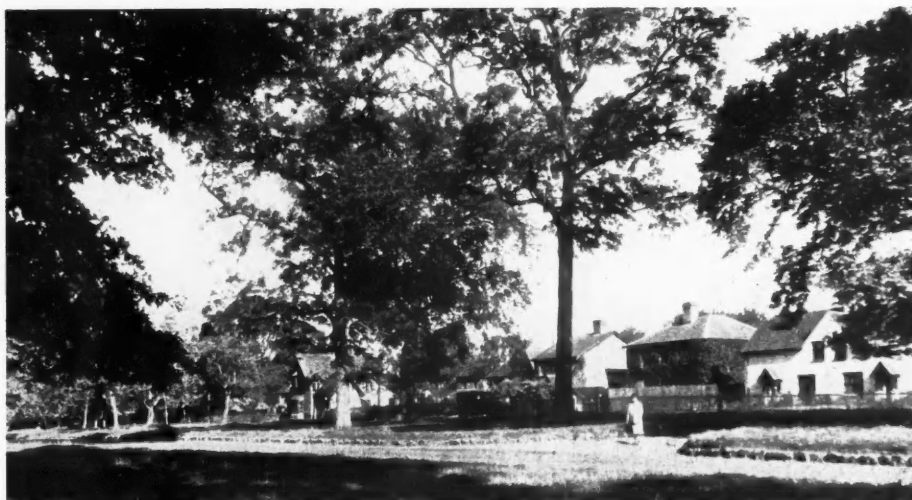
We started out, then, from Little Gaddesden and made our way through St. Albans, Hatfield, and Hertford. At 7.30 we arrived at Stanstead Abbots after some 34 miles, and were greeted by a hospitable resident who told us—and we believed him—that if we had arrived in a Rolls-Royce he would not have lifted a finger for us. With him, as with so very many others, however, horses were different; and the result was good clean beds, ample feeds night and morning, and a cheerful send-off next day with a refusal of anything but "thank you" by way of payment. We slept well at one of the local hostels, and enjoyed the conversation at the usual Saturday evening gathering. After this creditable start the next day was intentionally short, and thirteen miles through Eastwick and Sawbridgeworth brought us to Hatfield Heath, where we found hospitality in an inn overlooking the pleasant green. Again local kindness was forthcoming for the horses, who enjoyed the comfort of two of a row of boxes which had sheltered many a gallant hunter in the good old days.

The next day of 24 miles took us through the pleasant country of the Rodings—White, Laden, and Margaret—to Chelmsford, where we lunched and made an attempt to fix up for the night farther on. This was in part successful, and was completed by a little cheek on our

arrival at Danbury, where we rode up to the mansion standing in its beautiful park, and announced ourselves as the people who had already been a nuisance on the 'phone earlier in the day! Good stabling was cheerfully offered, while we retired to a local road house and enjoyed one of the best meals of the trip. Through Woodham Mortimer next day and on to Maldon—again a pleasant place, where we halted, lunched and succeeded on the 'phone in fixing up for the night at Tolleshunt D'Arcy, which we reached *via* Chigborough by teatime. We spent a long time in an attempt to find stables on our arrival—and failed, eventually turning the horses out, by the courtesy of a local farmer, in a small field a mile away from our hotel, past which runs the local railway to Tolleshunt. Breakfast next morning was enlivened by the announcement that the morning train had belched forth more smoke than the horses were prepared to tolerate and that they had gracefully taken the fence and set off in an unspecified direction, and were enjoying the countryside in an undefined area. Richard's annoyance and distress appeared to be more than countered by the warming reflection that

(37 miles); we were early to bed, and groomed and got the horses up to the hotel before breakfast the next day. We followed the same route for this day as on the outward journey; there was, however, a difference. It is an interesting and unenviable experience to cast a shoe in Chelmsford on a Saturday afternoon; and Gina cast half her off-hind shoe as we entered the town. At times the position seemed hopeless, and we began to regret that we had never taken the trouble to learn cold shoeing; but eventually we found a smithy and the address of the smith. We turned him out and he came down and "obliged" us—his diffident statement of what seemed to us a totally inadequate charge was almost embarrassing. This, by the way, is no place for a dissertation on the problem of the shoeing-smith; but problem it is, and will have to be more squarely faced than at present, or those of us who still concern ourselves with horses will in the near future be at a loss to get any shoeing done at all, except in the heart of the hunting country.

On the next day, a short one of 13 miles, we greatly improved on our outward journey by altering the route from Hatfield Heath to



LITTLE GADDESSEN, FROM WHICH THE 200-MILE RIDE STARTED

his beloved Gina could jump—and, indeed, had jumped—a sizeable fence.

Our host kindly provided a car and we set off armed with head-ropes and a little information as to probable direction. It was not long after we had left the car that we spotted them on the far side of a cornfield, whereupon I and our band of local assistants kept judiciously out of sight in a ditch while Richard walked over and put a head-rope round Gina's head; the rest was easy.

We had decided that this and the following two days should be spent locally and fairly restfully; accordingly we hacked into Tolleshunt and enjoyed seeing round this interesting cradle of the crews of the more famous racing yachts in past years. In the afternoon we had two aims: to see D'Arcy Hall, one of the sights of this country, and to find stabling, or at least alternative grass, in view of the morning's adventure. We succeeded and were greeted with overwhelming courtesy and hospitality. It is a rare experience to be taken across an Elizabethan bridge over a moat practically without comment because "we will go and look at the old stuff!"; our visit to D'Arcy Hall, and the owner's response to our uninvited arrival will take a lot of forgetting. Similar kindness met us at Guisnes Court, where we found stabling and hay, and at Bouchiers Hall, whose beauties were courteously shown us.

The next day was filled by a twenty-mile hack to Mersea Island and back, and the next confined to walking exercise, as we had decided to make the return trip in three days instead of four, and not to spend a night at Danbury. All preparations were made for an early start on the morrow, which would be a long trip

Sheering, Harlow, Eastend, and Roydon, to Stanstead Abbots; this gave us a view of one of the finest corners of Essex that we visited.

As usual, we put up at the same "pubs" as had given us a roof on our way out; and again here, our newly-found friend accommodated Gina and Jinks in royal fashion.

The 34 miles of our final day was again enlivened by Gina's decision that a new shoe was required—this time in St. Albans, when we had the interesting experience of seeing, and utilising, what we believe is a great rarity—a public-house and smithy run by the same man, and appropriately named the Blacksmith's Arms. In spite of this delay we reached home by five p.m., all fitter and harder than when we left.

So there it is, close on 200 miles in ten days, with four of them really slack. Let there be no doubt that it can be done and enjoyed without elaborate preparation even in these days, provided one is prepared to rough it; and the hospitality which the presence of a horse engenders in the country has, with us at any rate, removed all difficulties. The "no corn" cry is invalid; if one is careful to graze well and often, not only when the day's work is done but for a few minutes every hour through the day, and to hay up generously on the lucky evenings, the animals will take it, enjoy it and benefit by it. This is not to say (softly) that they were not occasionally regaled by a kindly farmer; but greatly as these feeds were appreciated, I believe they could have done, and done well, without them. It is a grand holiday; would that more would do it, for incidentally, it does represent an attempt, however small, to keep the car somewhere near its rightful place.

A GALLOWAY GLEN

Written and Illustrated by R. K. HOLMES



1.—LOCH TROOL, BENEATH THE RUGGED HILLS, COVERED WITH ROCK AND SCREE, SCANTY GRASS, MUCH HEATHER AND BRACKEN

IF the proposal to form a National Park out of some of the land around Glen Trool, Kirkcudbrightshire, acquired by the Forestry Commissioners, is carried out, the south of Scotland will possess a playground second to none in the whole country. The scenery of much of Galloway is surprisingly Highland in character, none more so than the immediate neighbourhood of Glen Trool, which might have been transported bodily from Argyllshire. It has remained remote and little known, even by people with close acquaintance with Scotland, partly, perhaps, because it is a *cul de sac*, and those who might fear the consequences of increasing traffic will be consoled by the knowledge that a through road over the hills which shut in the head of the four-mile-long glen would be such an immense undertaking that it is most unlikely to be projected.

To my mind, the finest approach to Glen Trool is by the hill road from the north, part of the Glasgow-Newton Stewart coach route. This highway, primitive, perhaps, by modern standards, but graded with remarkable skill, climbs from the Ayrshire village of Crosshill to over a thousand feet at the Deil's Elbow, whence it drops to a mere 470 feet at Balloch Farm. Here it again starts to climb, reaching, after only 2½ miles, a height of 1,250 feet, at the desolate Nick of the Balloch. (This name is a duplication, since "Balloch" is derived from the Gaelic "Bealach" meaning a pass.)

About a mile beyond the summit, at the side of the road, are the remains of a small building. Much of the walls was removed a few years ago by road repairers, but enough still stands to mark the site of the Rowantree Inn, which long ago acquired a reputation following the disappearance thereabouts of a number of lonely travellers. At last, one night, a youth who had sought shelter there, and could not sleep, overheard his host and a fellow ruffian discussing the best way of murdering him. He climbed out of the window and ran for several miles down the glen till he reached a farm-house and could give the alarm. The miscreants were arrested and the house was searched, sufficient

evidence being found to convict them of the murder of several over-confiding guests for the contents of their poor purses.

Past this ruin the road descends through moorland country, with a few widely-scattered sheep farms, to connect with a by-road which runs only some four miles to end at the head of Glen Trool.

Besides the shooting lodge there are only four houses, farms or shepherds' cottages, in the

whole glen. At one of these, tucked away among woods on the far side of the loch from the road, I was wont to put up for the night when I had cycled down from Ayrshire. The household consisted of a young unmarried sheep farmer and an old man, who kept house. He milked the cows and made butter and jam, baked excellent scones and filled up his spare time by making and mending stockings and socks for the pair of them.



2.—THE MEMORIAL STONE COMMEMORATING A BATTLE IN 1307 BETWEEN ROBERT THE BRUCE AND ENGLISH TROOPS

The hills which immediately surrounded Loch Trool (Fig. 1) are rugged in the extreme, their steep slopes covered with rock and scree, interspersed with scanty grass, much heather and some of the tallest and densest bracken I have ever had to negotiate. Pasturage for sheep is poor, and the principal farm, Buchan though it extends over an area of 9,999 acres, carries a mere seventy score—seven acres to feed one sheep! There are also a few wild goats, very shy and unapproachable, whose presence the farmers greatly resent, as there is no pasturage to spare for such unprofitable trespassers. Occasionally a shoot is organised, any goats which may be killed being sent to the nearest butcher—ten or twelve miles away—to be made into sausages.

The shooting lodge, which, it is proposed, should be fitted up as a Youth Hostel, would make an ideal centre for exploring these hills, which culminate in the Merrick (2,764 ft.) the highest hill in Scotland south of the Forth. There is fishing in Loch Trool, and in a group of hill lochs around the Merrick, Loch Valley, Loch Neldricken, Loch Enoch and a host of smaller ones.

History has been made in this glen. In 1307 Robert the Bruce fought a successful battle against certain English



(Above)

3.—THE MOUNTING ROAD TO GLEN TROOL

(Middle)

4.—THE REMOTE AND LITTLE-KNOWN GLEN

(Below)

5.—LOCH TROOL ON A DULL DAY



troops, and on a lofty knoll overlooking the loch there was erected in 1929 an imposing memorial stone (Fig. 2) commemorating the event. I have often wondered why, in those days of primitive weapons and close combat, such an able exponent of hand-to-hand fighting should have been content to choose so distant a standpoint from which to direct the battle. According to tradition and the ordnance map, the conflict took place nearly a mile farther up the glen, and must, therefore, have been conducted with little guidance from the Scottish leader if, as we are led to believe, he stood where this boulder now stands.

In covenanting times, too, Glen Trool had its share of trouble, and in a wood at the south end of the loch may be seen a tiny burial ground containing a stone with the names of six men shot thereabouts in 1685. A seventh man escaped, it is said, by walking into the loch up to his lips and holding a bunch of heather so as to hide his head until the soldiers had passed.

Glen Trool is such a lovely spot that one hopes that its beauty will not be tarnished by afforestation. So often plantations are enclosed with straight fences, so as to look, when grown up, like so many dark green doormats laid down on the hillsides. Is there any real reason why their boundaries should not be made to harmonise with the lines and contours of the landscape?





1.—THE WEST FRONT OF THE HALL, WITH THE GRANARY AND LITTLE CHURCH

ELTON HALL, HEREFORDSHIRE

THE HOME OF BRIGADIER E. C. N. CUSTANCE

A small mid-Georgian country house in romantic country rebuilt by the Salwey family of The Moor Park, Ludlow, probably about 1740

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

HEREFORDSHIRE comes to within a mile, more or less, of Ludlow which is in Shropshire, the border at this point following the crest of the High Vinnalls. This is a wooded ridge shaped like a broad arrow with the point

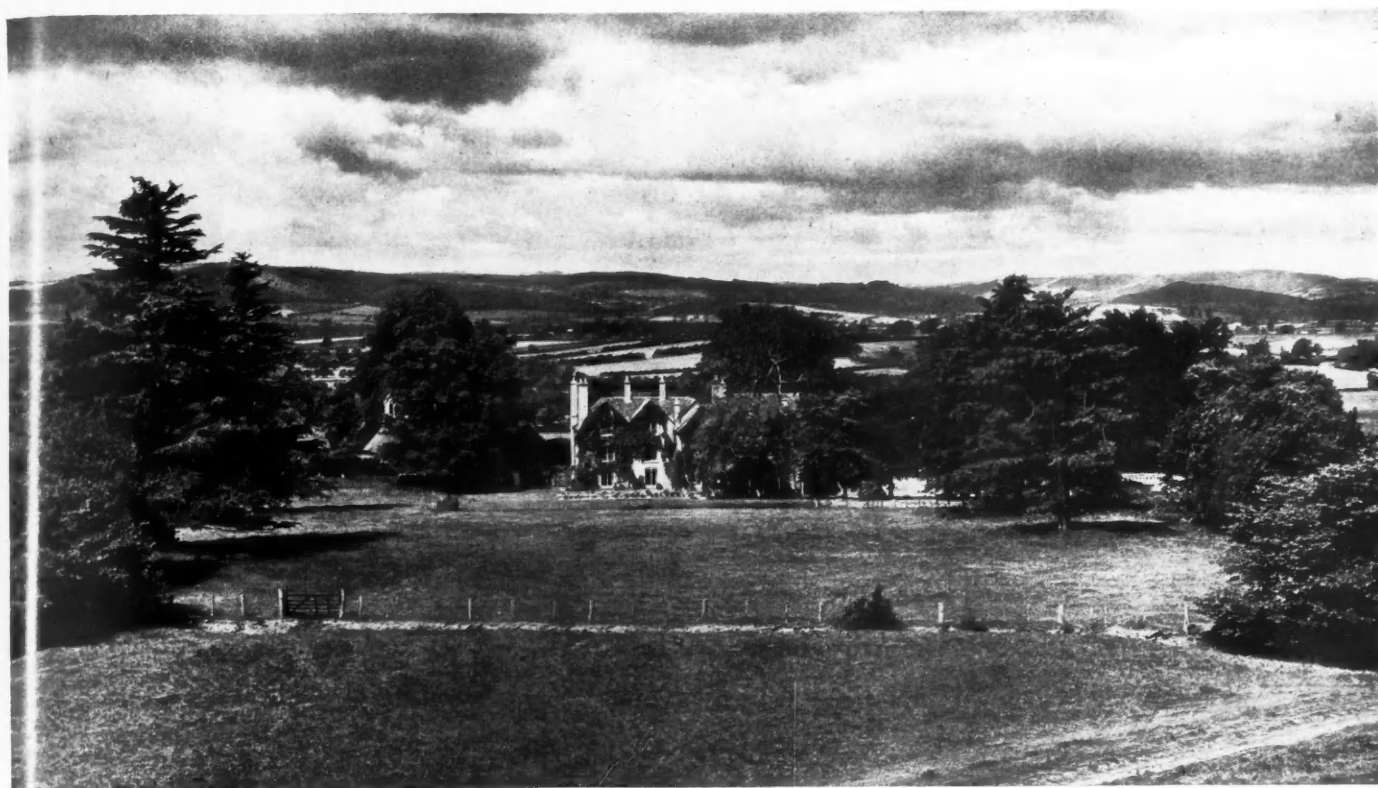
towards Ludlow, its opening towards the south-west. From the slopes of the apex, called Whitecliffe, are had the majestic views of Ludlow Castle, crowning the opposite bank of the River Teme with the Cleve Hills beyond, which are the picturesque climax of the

Marches. The two ridges of the Vinnalls from there diverge, one westwards towards Wigmore, the other southerly to the River Lugg at Mortimer's Cross and Croft Castle, enclosing the wooded arena in which Elton lies. From the hillside immediately at the back of the Hall you look far over Clun Forest towards Radnorshire and Montgomery. Here in this furthest recess of the Hundred of Wigmore, which covers this hilly north-west corner of Herefordshire, you find an authentic air of remoteness, particularly if your way has involved climbing from Ludlow over the crest of the Vinnalls and dropping down to Elton on a hot September day.

You have, indeed, on that climb, crossed a real natural barrier, which no doubt explains why the county boundary makes nearly a full circle along the ridge enclosing Elton. And it is a different, more romantic, landscape that sweeps away westwards, wilder and more continuously wooded than the noble country you have left which, for all its rich contouring and colour, pertains to the Midlands while this before you smells of the West. It is, historically, the land of the Lords Marcher, thickly fenced with their mouldering keeps—Bishop's Castle, Richard's Castle, and those of Clun, Radnor, Montgomery, and Wigmore itself—the quasi-principality of the Mortimers, for so long a thorn in the side of the Lancastrian kings and that eventually



2.—THE GOTHICK WINDOWS OF THE ENTRANCE FRONT



3.—LOOKING WEST OVER CLUN FOREST FROM THE LOWER SLOPE OF THE VINNALLS AT THE BACK OF THE HALL

set a Mortimer upon the throne in Edward IV.

The Vinnalls were for centuries the eastern barrier at this point of the March of Wales—in early days indeed claimed by the Welsh as their eastern frontier, hence the strategic need by the English of the ancient fortresses of Ludlow and Richard's Castle. The huge mound carrying the latter blocks the eastern end of two defiles through the southern ridge of the Vinnalls, at the Welsh

end of one of which lies Elton. And it is with persons and localities east of the divide, not with those farther into the Marches, that the annals of Elton are mostly associated. However, there are few records of its mediæval history, represented by the small single-naved 12th-century church adjoining the manor hall, but probably, as in later centuries, it was connected with the successors of that Richard the Scrob, forerunner of the Normans in the reign of Edward the Con-

fessor, from whom Richard's Castle takes its name and whose influence about the Confessor's court was a prime cause of Earl Godwin's "nationalist" revolt. Not to bore the reader with any more ancient speculations we may justifiably skip half a dozen centuries, yet remark, in our flight, that the Vinnalls of romantic name long continued (as they still do) to harbour sinister and outlandish memories, for it was in one of their ravines that the Earl of Bridgewater's children were

4.—THE
ENTRANCE
FRONT
FLANKED BY
SENTINEL
YEWS AND
TALL BEECHES



lost and, in Milton's rendering of their adventure, encountered Comus himself.

The romantic aspect of this corner of Herefordshire has been thus dwelt on that the reader may share something of the pleasurable surprise with which one comes across the trim Georgian house overlooking it. On the outskirts of a market town or even in a cathedral close, it might escape particular remark, but here, where most of the buildings of note are either mediæval ruins or of rustic black and white, its fine ruddy brickwork, shining paint, and formal neatness are emphasised by the contrast—

Each gives each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm,

as the poet Dyer—a contemporary and not far distant neighbour of the builder of Elton—put it.

Yet one has but to walk round to the back of the house to see that it is intimately related to its black and white fellows, the brick front being merely a facing, and the interior an ingenious remodelling, of just such a house as the adjacent Farm (Fig. 10). Not only do the 17th-century gables survive at the back, though bricked over, but to the north the front is continued by a long range of timber-framed stables (Fig. 9), and to the south a black and white dovecot or granary adjoins the entrance front (Fig. 4) behind the clipped sentry yews. The front itself is given exceptional character by the "Gothick" window lintels and the charming treatment of the sash-bars to correspond. The builder produced the ogee shape, so alien to his material, with some ingenuity: using an ordinary relieving arch, he filled in the space



5.—LOOKING THROUGH THE FRONT HALL FROM THE STAIRCASE

below it with bricks cut to the required pattern. In the three-light windows the "tracery lights" are formed by the two middle bars which intersect to form a solid apex. For the rest, the façade is evidently the work of a sound master builder, perhaps

from Worcester where he might have worked under Thomas White. The pediment in the centre, lacking a lower cornice, has not quite

made up its mind whether it is not really a gable. But such features as the builder could cull from his pattern book—the Doric door-case, the dormer windows, and the detailing of all the windows—are good mid-Georgian carpentry.

The only clue to the personality of whoever ordered the rebuilding lies in those Gothick windows. Were they an acknowledgment of the romantic character of the place, or perhaps a reflection of the owner's connection with the Church? History is not clear on this point beyond that the builder was one of the Salweys of The Moor Park, the Georgian mansion immediately over the Vinnalls between Ludlow and Richard's Castle and which took over the local



6.—THE STAIRCASE, AGAINST THE EAST WALL OF THE HALL. (Right) 7.—HARRIET CHARLOTTE SALWEY (MRS. CUSTANCE), AND MARGARET FRANCIS SALWEY. By Thomas Gaudy, 1849



pre-dominance of the old castle in later times, to whom Elton belonged. The manor had once been the property of a branch of the widespread Shropshire and Worcestershire family of Corbet, from whom it was bought by the Lord Keeper, Sir Edward Littleton, whose family home was Henley, the other side of Ludlow. From him or his heirs Elton was bought in Charles II's reign by the Cromwellian Major Salwey of Richard's Castle. A letter is quoted by Robinson (*Mansions and Manors of Herefordshire*) from John Salwey to his father the Major, dated 1674:

I can at present give you no further account of Elton. When I writ for a copy of the receipt, my cousin Littleton herself took notice of the Baron's intention to sell Elton and that she had heard it was offered to you, which I could not deny. She only adding that formerly she was unwilling to have it sold but now was, and withal told me it cost £1,120 of her own accord.

The Salweys were a Worcestershire family, of Stanford near Bewdley, and Humphrey, a member of the Long Parliament, had married a daughter of Sir Edward Littleton of Pillaton, a distant cousin of the Lord Keeper (or "Baron"). This is presumably the cousinship referred to in this letter to Humphrey's son—a distinguished supporter of Cromwell who made him an Ambassador to Constantinople. What is obscure is how the "Baron," presumably the Lord Keeper, comes in at this date, as he had died in 1645.

In any case, with the Salweys Elton long remained. John, the writer of the letter quoted, had a son who became the Rev. John Salwey, Rector of Bishop's Castle and married, in 1708, Alice daughter of Dr. Augustine Caesar. This family, distinguished in medicine and law, appears to have maintained its connection with the Salweys since there is a tablet in the church to John, son of Sir J. Caesar Hawkins, died 1845. The Rev. John Salwey's son, also the Rev. and who succeeded him in the Rectory of Bishop's Castle, married a Biddulph of Ladbury in 1742, and it was probably for him that Elton was rebuilt in its present form about that time rather than for his father in 1708.

There is, however, little within of that date, the character of the decoration belonging rather to the last years of the eighteenth century, when the Rev. Dr. Salwey's second son Theophilus married (1787) one of the Hills of Court of Hill, the fine old place that stands on the slopes of the Clee. The feature of the interior is the hall, running back to a simple but graceful staircase against the east wall (Figs. 5 and 6). From the front door one looks through the french windows beneath the stairs at the lower slopes of the Vinnalls; and from the space below the stairs the view over Clun Forest is glimpsed through the open front door (Fig. 5). The ceiling of the front half of this hall clearly retains beneath its plaster the beams of the 17th-century house. To the left, *i.e.* south, two rooms have been run together to form a long drawing-room the depth of the house, also with a french window to the garden at the back. There are simple chimneypieces and nice grates of the period—over the further fireplace is some old oak believed to have been in the house before its reconstruction. The house is all of this pleasant character and modest scale, and from every window looks out over its romantic setting.

Dr. Salwey's elder son succeeded to The Moor Park estate and his second son, Theophilus, to Elton besides a house in Ludlow. The latter left a large family of five sons and six daughters, the elder, Edward (1790-1840), being of Elton and leaving two daughters, portrayed in the attractive painting (Fig. 7) dated 1849 by Thomas Gaudy (10, Porteous Terrace, Maida Hill). The elder, Harriet Charlotte, married the Rev. W. N. Custance, descended from Hambleton Custance, High Sheriff of Norwich in 1753, who came into Elton. They were the grandparents of the present owner. The younger girl in the portrait, Margaret Francis, married her cousin Alfred Salwey who inherited The Moor Park on the death of his cousin John Salwey who had married his cousin Edward's widow (the mother of the two little girls). The Moor Park was sold in the '70s, with other Salwey properties, but Elton Hall, through the female line, continues to represent that old family's connection with this part of the country and still reflects the civilised Georgian life of Ludlow and Worcestershire among the Wigmore backwoods.



8.—THE DRAWING-ROOM LOOKING TOWARDS THE HALL



9.—THE STABLE YARD, NORTH END OF THE HOUSE



10.—ELTON FARM, TYPICAL OF THE OLD REGIONAL ARCHITECTURE
The Hall was no doubt a similar building before its Georgian reconstruction

OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE—II

By G. BERNARD HUGHES

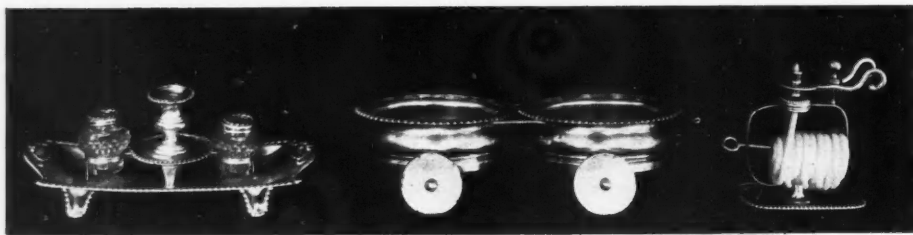
DURING the eighteenth century nearly all large pieces of Sheffield plate were engraved with coats of arms, crests or monograms to achieve more closely their resemblance to solid silver. This presented the maker with another problem. It was necessary to have a much thicker layer of silver in certain places on the body of such pieces as waiters and trays, tea and coffee services, to carry the engraving.

From 1780 until 1810 this was accomplished by cutting a piece of metal clean out of the article and inserting a more thickly silvered piece of the same size and gauge. The almost invisible line remaining was obscured by an engraved border. Examination of the

inner side of an article will usually indicate if insertion has been effected. Then came the method of "sweating" or "rubbing in" a thin circle or shield of 4-gauge silver upon the place to be engraved, afterwards burnishing the edges until they became invisible. This type of shield is not a sign of good quality, for, at about the time it appeared, in 1810, the film of silver on the copper plate was becoming lighter. The presence of one of these treasured shields—many were not engraved—may be detected by breathing on the surface, when the silver will appear lighter in hue than the surrounding metal. If a piece of Sheffield plate becomes oxydised through lack of cleaning, the applied or inserted shield remains comparatively light,



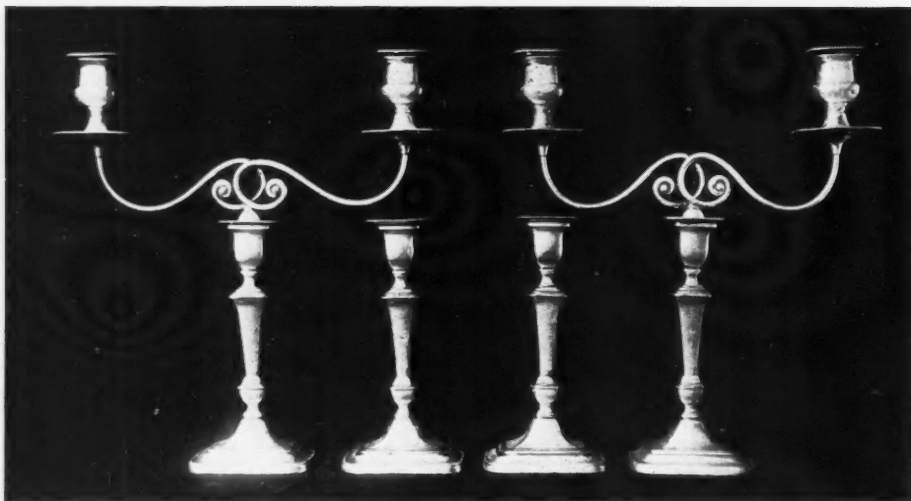
FINE CLEAN TYPE OF CANDELABRA SHOWING THE RARE ADAM UP CENTRE. BY JOHN PARSONS & CO. 1747



TWO-BOTTLE INKSTAND WITH TAPER-STICK BY MATTHEW BOULTON & CO.; WHEELED DECANTER COASTERS. ABOUT 1775. TAPER-WINDER BY ROBERTS, CADMAN & CO.



SHEFFIELD PLATE CANDLESTICKS. THE ROUND-BASE EXAMPLES WERE MADE DURING THE 1790s; THE TWO WITH SQUARE BASES ARE SLIGHTLY EARLIER



SILVER CANDLESTICKS DATED 1782, TO TWO OF WHICH TWO-LIGHT CANDELABRA BRANCHES OF SHEFFIELD PLATE WERE ADDED BY GOODMAN & CO. TWENTY YEARS LATER

while the remainder of the surface is discoloured. The difference is due to the trace of brass in the plating silver, the insertion being pure metal.

Sheffield plate copied all the 18th-century styles of silver, almost every kind of tableware fashionable from 1720 to 1845 being made. Forms and types of ornamentation during that century and a quarter underwent a radical change. The earliest of the Sheffield plate forms is commonly called Queen Anne—rather clumsily quaint, but simple and full of character—although developed during the reign of George I. Interiors often show marks of the workman's hammer, for, until the advent of die-stamping in 1789, Sheffield plate was "raised" by hand from the sheet metal. It is either plain, except for a wire-thread edge, or decorated merely with a little slightly raised fluting.

The second style was early Georgian. This included a variety of patterns and unrestrained decoration taken direct from silver models. First to be noted is the raised or indented spiral fluting enriched with highly raised chased flowers. Festoons of small flowers were accompanied by the piercing used after fluting disappeared.

The early Georgian was succeeded in 1785 by a twenty-year vogue for the Classic style deriving from the Adam brothers and Flaxman. Perfection of form rather than elegance of ornamentation was the direction of development. Chasing was fine, handles and other decorative mounts being beautifully designed and carefully modelled. This was contemporaneous with a more ornately Classic style which relied upon elaborate repoussé work for decoration. Medallions joined by festoons were a popular form of embellishment.

The Empire style, a revolt against Classicism and a revival of the Rococo, gradually became fashionable during the fifteen years following 1805. Characteristics were heaviness of form with Egyptian and Roman types of decoration. There were winged lions, lion masks, sphinxes, leaf and wicker-work patterns. This late Georgian style also included much elaborately pierced work, but little chasing or engraving. Fluting and raised work were revived and there was a tendency to use natural flower and leaf forms. Edges were enriched with gadrooning, flowers and shells. The reign of William IV brought a riot of florid and intricate decoration combined with a medley of styles impossible to classify. During these final years output was vast and craftsmen were so skilled that Sheffield plate and silver were difficult to distinguish.

Some of the most beautiful Sheffield plate is found in jugs, salvers, argylls, cake and fruit baskets, cruet frames and particularly candlesticks. The infant industry was confronted by an immense demand for articles connected with illumination: candlesticks, taper-sticks, taper-winders and bougie boxes. Among Hancock's first productions were candlesticks with baluster stems adorned with shells;



TWO COVERED HOT-WATER JUGS OF ABOUT 1800. (left) AND 1790 AND CHASED COFFEE-POT WITH BLACK IVORY HANDLE; ABOUT 1805. (Right) SHEFFIELD PLATE TEA-POT, SUGAR BASIN AND CREAMER BY GEORGE ASHWORTH & CO. ABOUT 1805

scences and drip ledges, too, took the form of shells. This design continued until the decline of the industry.

Until 1770 candlestick stems also copied architectural columns: the plain Tuscan and Doric stems, plain Corinthian with decorative capitals, fluted Ionic and fluted Roman, both with decorative capitals. Their square feet were usually splayed. Later the Adam influence on industrial design created a demand for other classic designs.

Shortly after 1770 and until about 1795, fashionable candlestick stems were squarish in section, shouldered backward and tapering towards the urn-shaped sconce. Lotus decoration often enlivened their stems and splayed domed bases. These were succeeded by candlesticks with plain baluster stems supported upon spreading domed feet. Sconces were circular and decorated with silver gadroon, bead and other mounts stamped separately. Similar decorations were soldered upon shoulders and bases. Decoration gradually became more flamboyant until 1825, when bases, stems and sconces were covered with extravagant ornamentation.

Candelabra leapt into prominence during the 1790s, although made as early as 1775. Manufacturers bestowed great attention upon securing perfection of design. Matching pairs, double pairs and half-dozen often had solid silver sticks with three-light branches in Sheffield plate. The central sconce was sometimes covered with a decorative urn. After 1815 interchangeable epergnes and candelabra dominated Georgian dining-tables, replacing the combined epergne and cruet popular from the early 1780s.

Argylls or jacketed gravy-warmers with space for hot water were in great demand from 1780 to 1800. These now scarce pieces, invented by John, fifth Duke of Argyll, usually resemble a long-spouted tea-pot with a lidded inner container for hot water. Around this was poured the gravy. Double jacketed sauce tureens were also made of Sheffield plate.

Salvers, waiters and trays were produced

in great profusion. Until 1780 they were made from two sheets of single-sided plated metal soldered back to back. An extra heavy plate of silver was fused to the upper surface so that the copper would not be revealed by subsequent chasing and engraving. The blank was drop-stamped from this. Edges were then trimmed and mounts soldered into place. Crevices and outer edges were filled with solder consisting chiefly of tin and closely resembling silver. Careful burnishing made the join imperceptible. Feet, usually ball and claw, were then fixed. Between 1780 and 1810 volute feet were also used. After 1810 salvers became more serviceable and more like their silver originals. Edges were usually of silver.

Among the rarest pieces of Sheffield are those produced in wire work between 1790 and 1810. Here the sheets of silvered copper were attached to drawn wire of various sections, including circular, flat, square and triangular. From this combination salt-cellars, sugar-baskets, muffiniers and mustard-pots were made, as well as the wonderful epergnes with their smaller hanging baskets.

Sheffield plate manufacturers did not use date marks: the only safe way of determining the age of a piece is by style and method of manufacture. Pieces plated on one side only are the oldest, for it was not until about 1775 that silver was applied to both sides of the copper ingot.

The reverse sides of early articles were tinned, the undersides of early trays finished with zinc: later trays and dishes were either tinned or gilded beneath. Interiors of tea-pots with their accompanying sugar-basins and cream-jugs were gilded with a wash to imitate silverware of the day. Coffee-pots and tea-urns were tinned inside.

Every important maker had a device to mark his ware. Pieces impressed with name and mark date between 1784 and 1795. Previous to 1784 no maker of Sheffield plate was allowed to stamp a sign or letter upon his ware. An Act of Parliament changed this, making it

compulsory for makers to register their marks at an Assay Office. These marks comprised the maker's full name accompanied by his trade mark; some of them bore a remarkable resemblance to hall marks on silver. Marks are usually hidden in out-of-the-way places difficult to find. Many of the finest specimens of Sheffield plate were the products of little-known firms and are unmarked. During the fifty-two years in which the Sheffield Assay Office accepted registrations, only one hundred and thirty-four marks were recorded.

Collectors prize pieces marked with a right hand in an oblong cartouche, for this is the device of that most important maker, Jonathan Watson and Co. Another maker of outstanding work was the firm of T. and J. Creswick, whose mark was a portcullis. A bell contained in an oval cartouche marks the work of Roberts, Cadman and Co., whose heyday was between 1790 and 1810. Other leading makers were Daniel Holy, Wilkinson and Co., marked with a pineapple; Denkin, Smith and Co., two triangles; Henry Wilkinson and Co., two crossed keys; Morton and Co., a cock; Walter Knowles and Co., the orb; Kirkby Waterhouse and Co., a phoenix; Soho Plate Co., two eight-pointed stars; Matthew Bolton, horseshoe and ball.

The decline of the Sheffield plate industry began about 1830 when Argentine metal or German silver was substituted for the copper foundation. Electroplating, invented by Spencer of Liverpool in 1832 and patented by Elkington and Co., of Birmingham during 1840 had entirely superseded the fused method by 1850, although remnants of the craft lingered until after the Great Exhibition. The value of Sheffield plate lies in the quality of its design, its relative rarity and earliness of type and its condition. A large number of pieces show marks of hard wear and cleaning. The original silver has so worn that patches of basic copper are revealed. When a piece has reached such a point that a considerable part of the silver sheen is disfigured, it is all but valueless.



TEA URNS MADE BY ROBERTS, CADMAN & CO. AT THE HEIGHT OF THEIR SUCCESS



GEORGE IV WINE COOLERS, SHOWING WORKMANSHIP IN SHEFFIELD PLATE WHICH HAS SELDOM BEEN SURPASSED

ST. ANDREWS IN ITS GLORY

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

I AM writing at St. Andrews on the day after the *Daily Mail* tournament ended, when the tumult and the shouting have died and life has resumed its placid routine. The bay is full of white horses; there is a gale rattling the windows and bringing with it ever and anon a fierce squall of rain. Snug indoors, I reflect that, tremendous as the Old Course has been during the three days of the tournament, it would to-day present an ordeal so appalling that the very best of golfers could hardly face it. I am unfortunately rather too late for the fair as regards the details of the tournament which will have grown into ancient history when these words are printed; but at least I cannot and will not refrain from saying something of the links, because the outstanding point of the play was not the triumph of the winner, finely as he played, but the triumph of the Old Course.

St. Andrews has never for one moment ceased to be a great course, but there have been times in hard, dry Summers, when it has had to depend almost entirely on finesse in its contest with the players, and some of the great holes of the world lost much of their quality because the ball went too far. For the time being, at any rate, that state of things is effectually remedied. With the ground slow and grassy after some recent heavy rain and the tees as far as possible at the back of beyond, the course was beyond all doubt, to my mind at least, the fiercest test that the players have ever had to encounter. For ordinary respectable golfers it would unquestionably have been too long; they just could not have reached the two-shot holes in two and their hearts and backs would alike have been broken. These professionals could reach the holes in two, but they were playing their seconds with wood or big irons and not with mashie-niblicks. In the original *Badminton* volume Horace Hutchinson wrote that the surpassing merit of the course was that so many of the holes were in length the multiple of a full shot. That was once more true, and even those who have known the course for years felt in looking on that never before had they fully appreciated it.

Since I am now something too much of a cripple, my own watching was mainly confined to the first few and last few holes. In particular I used to wait by the fourteenth green and watch some of the leaders play the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth holes. When they had to play them against the breeze, as they usually had (the breeze on the last day was a stiff wind) this was, to use a phrase of John Low's, "to see golf in its fulness." They needed wood for their seconds to the fifteenth; they often needed it at the sixteenth likewise (they were short with irons), and that is a truly terrifying stroke when the railway and the bunkers "prowl and prowl around." To the Road hole they needed two shots with wood and then a pitch on that narrow green. Truly those three holes came right back into their kingdom, and if the home hole was mild by comparison it too had resumed its proper dimensions; a good stiff iron shot was wanted for the second, and even so the ball often ended in the Valley of Sin.

Most advantages have compensating disadvantages in this world and there were some of these at St. Andrews in excellent bunkers whose occupation was for the time being gone. I must not bore those who do not know the course with too many details, but there were, for instance, the bunkers which are apt to catch any drive that is at all sliced at the Long Hole Out. On at least one day these were put out of business; the tee shot from the far back tee was consequently robbed both of interest and terror. Again on the last afternoon, when the wind had freshened, the Principal's Nose was hardly to be reached from the tee and most people could bang their tee shots at it with a light heart. I must add that this was by no means always the case and one luckless American player took no fewer than ten to the sixteenth

hole owing to a prolonged encounter with that famous hazard. In any case it is a truism that you cannot have it both ways, and the advantages of the great length and the slow ground enormously predominated.

There was just one hole where the slowness was definitely regrettable and that was the seventeenth. The grass at the foot of the bank was, save in one or two spots perhaps, too heavy for the running shot. Everybody was approaching the green with a pitching stroke. These shots were played with great and consistent skill; they filled me with admiration, but the fact that they could be played at all took away something of the traditional character and the traditional terrors of this hole. The famous Road bunker was comparatively atrophied since against the wind it was almost out of range of the second shot. The seventeenth always produces some calamities, but it needs rather faster turf to put the player's heart really in his mouth and make him feel that he is never within sight of safety till he is over the burn for the last time.

I seem to have talked so much of slow turf that the reader may possibly imagine the greens slow too and demanding nothing more than honest bludgeoning with the putter. Let him at once disabuse himself of any such notion! They were fast, decidedly fast. They were not of the lightning speed to which they can attain in the hardest and driest of Summers, but they must have seemed almost desperately quick to the players who had come straight from grassy inland greens. The ball most emphatically slipped along; it needed coaxing rather than hitting; it was very easy to run out of holing, especially on the slightest down slope. Some, as I think hypercritical, patriots told me that

the greens had not yet come back to their best. Well, they seemed to me wholly admirable. If the ball was well struck it held beautifully on its course and went in. If it was not truly struck, it didn't, and is not that the greatest compliment one can pay to any greens? Altogether I have never seen so great a battlefield for warriors who aspire to greatness.

I must not leave the players out altogether, even though what I say be a little stale. Ward and Faulkner covered themselves with glory, and their race on the last day, with Ward being robbed of the lead in the third round to get it back in the last, was as exciting as heart could desire. I had of course seen the winner play before the war, but only casually, and I was very much impressed. Whether a man who is only 5 ft. 6 ins. tall and weighs a little over 9 stone can quite attain the Champions' class remains to be seen. There is a tiresome old proverb about a good big 'un and a good little 'un which is as true of golf as of most things; but at any rate he is a very fine player and he won this time in circumstances which, goodness knows, were "big" enough. He swings the club like greased lightning, but it is a beautifully true swing and its speed seemed to abate nothing of the accuracy of his shots. Faulkner has here an advantage as he is a strong upstanding man with the build of a typical athlete. Yet I doubt if he had any perceptible advantage over Ward in point of length. Of the rest I have no space to speak, save to say that the Irish phalanx did very well, that Daly kept us all wondering almost up to the end, and Mangrum from America was always a menace. His third round put him out of the running, but he came back gallantly with a fine last round and is a very, very good golfer.

PARTRIDGE DRIVING

IT is delightfully simple to drive partridges—on paper. There is nothing abstruse in the old-fashioned recipe, as the basic ingredients to a rich repast—a wide acreage, plentifully larded with roots and clover, a seasoning of mustard and fir belts so arranged as to give guns ample field of fire to all points of the compass. Then all you have to do, the wind, of course, deferring to your plans, is to line out a bevy of intelligent beaters, and the coveys, whose abundance incidentally is equally presumed, will follow one another with the precision of Noah's menagerie in passage to the Ark and fall headlong into every preconcerted ambush.

Whether these ideals ever reach substantial attainment on shoots-de-luxe I have never been in so happy a position as to judge. What I am very sure of is that on the average manor they are merely a delightful flight of fancy.

UNCHANGING RULE

Still we do drive partridges, with a fair measure of success, though it is less easily achieved in practice than in theory, as anyone who has ever taken charge of a beating line, inconspicuous for the intelligence aforesaid, will probably agree. Since shootings differ so widely in shapes, sizes and natural amenities, nothing is more dangerous than to postulate cast-iron rules for partridge driving.

There is only one rule to my mind which does not alter. You cannot make partridges go where they do not want to go; nor when they are young can you push them too often or too far. In other words, observation of their natural flights is the key to successful driving, and, as two major factors influence procedure—the strength and direction of the wind and the situation and extent of holding cover—it follows that at long last almost everything depends upon the day-to-day vagaries of the weather.

For these very reasons disappointment is the consequence most often of driving on big properties too early, and on lesser shoots too

late. This may sound paradoxical; yet, where partridges only are concerned there is an even greater difference between 1,500 and 600 acres than is measured by the eye. The former affords ample scope for to-and-fro driving, and, because beats can be rested in rotation, the same coveys are not constantly harassed. Moreover, they have room, denied to their brethren on the smaller shoots, to shift about without breaking bounds. Consequently there is no necessity for undue haste in opening hostilities because an extensive area will hold its full quota of birds throughout the season.

On the lesser acreage the position is quite different. Boundaries cannot be made elastically adaptable to increasing partridge wildness and decreasing cover belts. For this reason October driving is more speculative than satisfactory as a rule. You must at least arrange your first drives while your birds are comparatively young and innocent, and while some vestige of those rather mangy roots is still in evidence, if you are to break up the coveys and make any bag at all.

ON SMALL AREAS

I honestly believe that the best way to drive small acreages is to take two or three fields at a time. Incidentally, there is seldom any good reason for long drives even on larger areas, for this only tends to scatter coveys widely, and, the greater their concentration, the less necessity there is for a beating line so extended as to become difficult of control. The short drive, in which the guns get as close up to the birds previously blanketed in as possible—that is, without risk of flushing them before the beaters do—gives the best prospects of success. Then the coveys will have only a very few hundred yards to fly before passing the guns, which reduces the chances of their breaking prematurely to the flanks. This, with only a few beaters, is as important as the fact that they can carry on the entire length or breadth of the shoot and still settle on it.

Admittedly the chances of keeping birds

on any little shoot, especially if it is too hard hammered, are slender, unless there are good holding fields along the flanks and near the boundaries, for partridges seldom fly entirely straight; they are as likely to swerve to one flank as another, and no system of driving ever invented will cure them of the habit. For this reason it often pays to drive, first of any, a strip whose three sides are boundaries, even if the birds go contrariwise, because, thanks to their characteristic anxiety to get back home, they will almost certainly be found on the same ground for their staple evening meal.

STUDY THE GROUND

I have suggested that you cannot make partridges go where they do not want to go. That is another way of saying that the essential preliminary to planning any beat is close study of the ground; for on its gradients and on the relative position of grass lands to heavy cover, as well as on the natural flights of coveys to and from their favourite haunts and feeding-grounds, as influenced by the prevailing winds, almost everything depends. So many people put the cart before the horse. Instead of adapting drives to suit their birds, they expect the latter to conform to cut-and-dried arrangements which admit of no alteration and are often in direct conflict with the birds' habits. The partridge is a creature of settled custom; with him there is a time and place for everything, from his dust bath to his afternoon siesta and his evening meal; and if a man knows his job he should know precisely the whereabouts of his coveys at all times of day and the directions they will most likely take when disturbed.

If he does, he will drive his birds in the way they want, not the way he thinks they ought to want, to go. But pretty obviously it is of no use going into action without alternative plans, for neither wind nor weather, which influence partridge movement, is constant from day to day; nor, for that matter, when the farmers get to work on them, are root crops, or the thickness of which success or failure of drives so much depends. On most shoots, and particularly in late October and November

driving, these are the chief cover belts in which birds, blanked in from outlying fields, will be concentrated *vis-à-vis* the guns. But it does not follow that the same methods to get them there will always be effective.

It is illogical to argue that because a beat has once been signally successful then for evermore it must be taken in the same old way, for, where the cover was last year or even yesterday, it may not be to-day. This alone may involve placing guns in new positions. Nor can one drive in the same formation irrespective of the wind. So often the beating line is far too straight. Even on a calm day modified half-mooning is necessary, for, unless flanks are advanced, birds running on will also run out sideways. A common fault of beaters is to go too fast through thick cover where birds are plentiful, to the neglect of hedgerows and ditches parallel to their advance, into which any quantity have very likely run. Many will never realise the utter uselessness of flagging birds well overhead or coming down to settle. Nothing on earth save straight shooting will stop a partridge in full flight, so it is of first importance to have as flankers intelligent men with the wit to squat when coveys show signs of pitching, and with the knowledge of when to use their flags and when to keep them out of sight. Thus only will the wayward and the laggards be directed in the way they should go.

WHEN BEATERS ARE SCARCE

Of the two evils a shortage of beaters rather than guns may be the lesser, because it is well-nigh impossible to concentrate scattered coveys on to a very narrow front. Few guns are best spread at wide intervals, guarding outer salients of the hedgerow lined, and points at which intersecting hedges join in. With a scarcity of beaters a gun on either flank may be effective. A couple of extra "hands" close the ranks a little, and they are pretty certain to get shooting. So, perhaps, I may summarise what, in my humble view, are golden rules.

Down-wind drives are preferable at the beginning of a day because, thanks to their

homing instinct, nothing short of a gale will stop partridges returning to their feeding-grounds in late afternoon. Even in calm weather beaters should be more or less half-mooned to stop birds running to the flanking hedges. In a strong cross-wind it may be advisable for the outer flankers, towards whom it is blowing, to be almost as far advanced as the line of guns. Beaters tend to bunch together, especially when going through thick roots, leaving wide spaces through which birds run back, and for this reason it is advisable to halt the line and re-form when necessary, and invariably to do so when a large number of birds is concentrated close up to the guns, so that they can be flushed successively and not *en masse*.

TO SAVE TIME

Two sets of beaters (if you can get them) may be desirable on shoots where, in order to preserve the continuity of beats, wide detours are essential, or where too broad a frontage would otherwise have to be taken in one sweep. Moreover, this saves valuable time and obviates the temptation to prolong shooting until too late an hour. This, incidentally, is unsporting for two reasons. First, partridges make their chief meal in late afternoon; secondly, to shoot in a failing light birds that are never easy at the best of times is to increase the chances of just wounding or pricking by 50 per cent.

That raucous noises are just as futile as haphazard flag-wagging may be impressed on beaters. Not on their vocal efforts but on their skill in manoeuvre depends more than anything the line the coveys take. It will always be the line of least resistance, and if the first birds up find one unguarded flank, the remainder are more than likely to follow suit.

It is impossible to lay down the law on gun positions. Their distance from screening cover will obviously depend upon the lie of ground. But guns may remember that birds can see as well as hear and that avoidable movement, even when the beaters are still afar off, is as fatal as avoidable imprecations when birds are breaking back. J. B. DROUGHT.

CORRESPONDENCE

RURAL RENTS

SIR,—I was much interested in the remarks of Cincinnatus in COUNTRY LIFE of September 7, on rural rents, especially in the paragraph in which he says "The time to raise cottage rents would have been when farm workers' wages were raised during the war years from 35s. a week to 70s."

When Rural District Councils were asked by the Government to build 3,000 cottages for agricultural labourers the rent charged varied from 12s. 6d. to 17s. 7d. a week. It costs a landlord now at least £1,500 to build a decent cottage for his agricultural labourer, and all that he is allowed to claim is 5s. a week less rates, thus getting a return of £10 8s. on £1,500. Should water and electricity be laid on, an extra 1s. may be allowed, but in many cases, this would entail an extra cost of from £500 upwards.

The farmers have a strong union to fight their battles for them, and the agricultural labourers have now a strong union to fight their battles, but the unfortunate landlord has no one to fight his battles for him.—GRAHAM REES-MOGG, Clifford Manor, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE IMPORT OF DOGS

SIR,—Huldine V. Beamish's horror at the news that Service personnel will be permitted to bring their dogs home will find few sympathisers except among those entirely lacking in sentiment, or those who insist that a dog isn't a dog at all unless he has a genealogical tree going back a dozen dog-generations.

I have before me a letter from a



FLORENCE AND HER FRIEND

See letter: A Soldier's Pet

dog-owner with the M.E.F. He writes: "This Unit adopted a small 'Desert' dog during the Tripolitanian campaign of the Eighth Army, and she has been with us ever since, even during the Salerno landings, the Volturno crossing, Monte Cassino, the Gothic Line, and other places. I have been told that there is no scheme for bringing dogs home, and that we must either dispose of her or destroy her. Either course is unthinkable, and so we ask your help and advice."

Is Huldine V. Beamish horrified at the thought that *this* dog (who can only boast battle honours like Salerno,

Volturno and Cassino in her "pedigree") should not be permitted to go to England with her gallant owner? This little Desert dog's Army history is typical of a great many others, and the Service Departments are to be congratulated on their understanding of our fighting-men's feelings about the pets who have kept them cheerful during their long ordeals. As for the enormous cost, under the official scheme this will be cut to the absolute minimum and the owner himself will be asked to pay a reasonable inclusive sum, on a sliding scale according to his rank.

It is difficult to understand why the scheme should inspire in your contributor's mind the appalling thought that it increases the risk of a rabies outbreak in this country. In fact, it does exactly the reverse, for without the scheme, Service dog-owners would be sorely tempted to smuggle in their dogs without subjecting them to the six months' quarantine which has proved an infallible safeguard against rabies. Those outbreaks of this dread disease which have occurred in the past have invariably been traceable to smuggled dogs.

These Service dog-owners value their canine friends, not for their gait or ear-carriage, but for their inner qualities of pluck, endurance and loyalty in adversity. To deny these men the right to retain their dogs would savour of base ingratitude.—CHAS. R. JOHNS, Secretary, National Canine Defence League, 8, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

A SOLDIER'S PET

SIR,—A young kite hawk (*Milvus migrans Aegypticus*) is the unusual pet of Driver J. Cox, R.A.S.C., now serving in the Middle East at G.H.Q., M.E.F.

"Just outside the building where I work is a big tree," he says, "which is only a foot or two lower than the roof. One day when I was up there I noticed a couple of crows building a nest. Later on I saw two eggs which afterwards hatched.

"One of the chicks was a typical crow, the other was brown and fluffy and not unlike a baby owl at the start. Neither parent seemed to notice any difference between the two offspring and fed them both alike.

"This went on until it was time

for the youngsters to make their first flights. Both got out on the branch when suddenly the hooded crows realised that one of the youngsters was not a crow and dashed at it.

"With a pathetic squawk the young hawk fell off the branch and down through the leafy tree, coming to earth unhurt at the foot. As the crows were still swooping around trying to find it, I took the young bird indoors with me.

"At first it was very frightened and refused to eat, but then hunger got the better of fear and it swallowed the food I dropped into its beak. Now it is quite tame and lives happily in our office.

"Although fully fledged, the bird, which we call Florence, shows no inclination to leave; she takes a daily flight in the garden and round our office building but always comes back after about five minutes as though bored with being on her own.

"She carefully avoids any contact with other hawks and flies for shelter if any circle round. She is now quite indifferent to any crows she sees, but seems quite content to have only human company. Extremely tame, she will sit on my hand, thoroughly enjoying a walk round the office or in the garden.

"A thing that fascinates her is the telephone, which in our office is fairly busy. Every time it rings she sidles over and watches it carefully and often after the hand microphone has been replaced will sit on it, although her claws cannot grip the polished surface very well."—R., M.E.F.

ANGELS IN STONE

SIR,—Here is a photograph showing a fragment of sculpture now used as the lectern-base at St. Olave's Church, York. The Vicar tells me that it was unearthed near by some years ago, but nobody seems to have suggested its origin.

It is tempting to link it with St. Mary's Abbey, where so much lovely work of this kind was done and which, moreover, actually adjoins the church, but the Vicar discredits the idea—and in any case the church, dedicated to Olaf, the Norwegian king, is older than the now-ruined abbey.

As will be seen, each panel of the sculpture encloses a quatrefoil in which an angel performs on some musical instrument. The instrument held by the left-hand figure seems to be a viol, while her companion on the right plays some kind of flute.—G. BERNARD WOOD, *Rawdon, Leeds*.

THREAT TO WENTWORTH WOODHOUSE

SIR,—Although the getting of coal by opencast methods may interest or affect only a very limited part of the British Isles, it must be remembered that for the population of these Islands, especially in the industrial districts, the area of open country which can be enjoyed by all is also limited.

South Yorkshire has suffered more than any other part of the country from the ravages of this system of working coal and in spite of the end of the world war there appears to be intensification of the opencast coal campaign, involving the destruction of woodlands, gardens, park land and agricultural land, and the creation of scars on the landscape which cannot be made good in a generation or more.

The most concentrated attack appears to be against the Wentworth Estate and the woodlands, gardens and park land close to the historic mansion of Wentworth Woodhouse, which was once the home of the great Lord Strafford and is now the sole residence of Earl Fitzwilliam in this country.

The estate has already had nearly 1,700 acres requisitioned for opencast coal production involving the obliteration of woodlands, avenues, walled-in paddocks and shelter belts, which are never likely to be replaced.

Although we all appreciate the

seriousness of the coal position we are not prepared to admit that this is the best way of making up the deficiency, as this could quite easily be achieved by a fractional increase in the output per man in the coal mines.

In the early part of this year proposals were made by the Ministry of Fuel and Power to work certain parts of the park at Wentworth Woodhouse, but in response to strong local protest the Minister of Town and

time to end the ravages of war and not to increase them.

We therefore appeal through your columns to all those that have the preservation of our countryside at heart to voice their objections in no uncertain manner, and we desire to express our indignation at the Government's failure to honour an undertaking given by the previous Coalition Government when we were still in a state of war.—J. W. B.



THE ANGEL MUSICIANS AT ST. OLAVE'S, YORK

See letter: Angels in Stone

Country Planning intervened and finally agreed with the Minister of Fuel and Power that only in the case of circumstances now unforeseen of really desperate emergency should any further site in the park be worked.

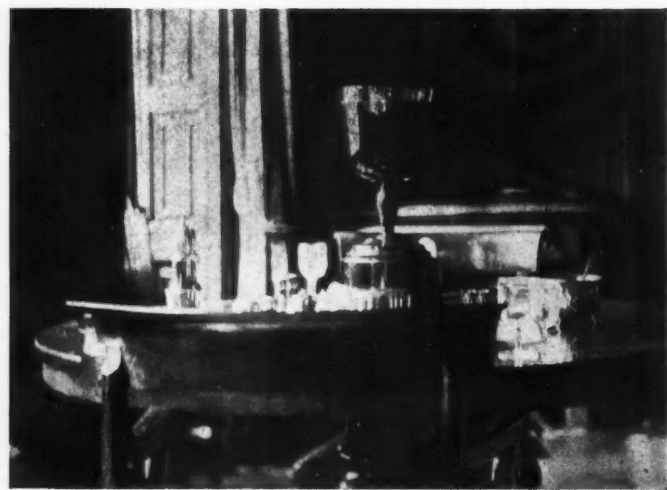
In spite of this undertaking, however, the new Minister of Fuel and Power has seen fit to give instructions for the working without delay of sites involving the destruction of most of the gardens and the historic terrace; woodlands immediately in front of the mansion, and a considerable further area of park and woodland.

The gardens, which contain Japan-

LONDON (Colonel), Chairman, Wentworth Parish Council, Cortworth House, Wentworth, Rotherham, Yorkshire.

HYDRO-ELECTRICITY AND ATOMIC POWER

SIR,—With reference to the article entitled *National Parks in Scotland* in the issue of COUNTRY LIFE of September 21, it may be of interest to note the following list of districts selected as possible National Parks by the Scottish National Parks Survey Committee appointed last year. They are arranged in order of priority.



A CUP MADE FROM SHAKESPEARE'S MULBERRY TREE

See letter: A Coughton Treasure

ese and Italian gardens with rare plants, are enjoyed by inhabitants of Sheffield and Rotherham and the surrounding districts on the many occasions when they are open to the public, and the beauties of the woodlands and park can be enjoyed through the numerous public footpaths which run through both.

We who live in this district cannot be expected to look on with equanimity while our cherished countryside is being ruined. Surely this is the

Loch Lomond, Trossachs
Glen Affric, Glen Cannich, and Strath Farrar
Ben Nevis, Glen Coe, Black Mount The Cairngorms
Loch Torridon, Loch Maree, Little Loch Broom.
The reserve list comprises:
Moidart, Morar, Knoydart
Ben Lawers, Glen Lyon, Schiehallion
St. Mary's Loch.
Professor M. L. E. Oliphant

Poynting, Professor of Physics at the University of Birmingham, is reported in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* of September 18 as stating in reference to atomic energy, "I am confident that within 10 years we should have power stations working under the new power. He thought that in the future for all large-scale production of power, nuclear energy would replace all other forms of energy: we had to go ahead in Britain with the development of the uses of nuclear energy. We could not leave it to America. If we failed to make use of our opportunities Britain was doomed.

In the article in COUNTRY LIFE of September 21, your contributor writes:

"It may be argued that National Parks should be created as a defence against such schemes as the Hydro-Electric. If it is once determined that schemes of this sort are in the interests of the nation, it is unlikely that they will be defeated by arguments of this kind."

These hydro-electric schemes involve the outlay of immense sums of money and, moreover, constitute a threat to the amenity of the very cream of our Highland scenery, with likely reactions against the Scottish tourist traffic! The question may be asked: is it in the national interest to persevere in these water-power projects in face of the fact that in a very few years after their completion, such undertakings in all probability will be rendered uneconomic and obsolete?—J. H. RAE, *Weston-super-Mare, Somerset*.

SEALED WINE-BOTTLES

From Lady Ruggles-Brise.

SIR,—A recent event may make the statement in a recent issue as to the age of known examples of sealed wine-bottles—true at the time—already out of date. In *The Times* of August 31 it was stated that during the restoration of Compton Castle, South Devon, a dark green bottle was excavated, and that it bears a seal with the coat of arms of Raleigh Gilbert and the date 1620. This was amplified on September 4 by a letter and an illustration of the bottle in question.

Not having seen the bottle myself I can naturally only speak of it with some reserve, but if the new discovery is really of the year 1620, the conclusion to which one is inevitably driven is that sealed and dated wine-bottles with long necks and spherical bodies were made many years earlier than had hitherto been believed to be the case.—SHEELAH RUGGLES-BRISSE, *Ramsbury, Wiltshire*.

A COUGHTON TREASURE

SIR,—As a postscript to your note on Coughton, so happily now under the care of the National Trust, you may like to use the enclosed photograph of the mulberry cup, one of those made from the old tree in Stratford associated with Shakespeare, when it was cut down many years ago.—A. I., *Cardiff*.

DICE-BOX TUMBLERS

SIR,—I see in your issue of September 21 a question about dice-box tumblers. I was given a set of four as a wedding present and these are the same shape as that mentioned in your correspondent's enquiry.

As I haven't seen them since before the war I can't recall the engraving, but they are all different. One has an anchor, another a barrel, but I can't remember the others. The man who gave them to me said he thought they were made about 1780 and his story was that their origin was a law passed in one of the West Indies against the importation of dice and shakers and that somebody found that glasses with dice contained in the base were not covered by the law and could be imported and that they were made in sets of four, of which the one he gave



**THE LYON MONUMENT
ERECTED IN 1815 IN HARROW
CHURCH**

is complete.—DAVID T. RAIKES
(Col., ret.), *United University Club,*
1, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

STALKING AT DALNESS

SIR,—In your issue of September 7, a letter appears from a correspondent which states that for the past three years deer stalking at Dalness has been laid open to the public at 5s. a day. I should be grateful if you would contradict this, as your correspondent is completely misinformed.

The National Trust for Scotland accepted the gift of the Forest of Dalness from an anonymous donor on the understanding that "stalking as a sport should cease, and that no rent should accrue therefrom." These conditions have been scrupulously maintained and the stock of deer has been kept down by the warden with the occasional help of approved rifle shots; on no occasion has any fee been accepted. I would add that the same conditions are maintained in all forest properties held by the National Trust for Scotland.—E. D. STEVENSON,
Secretary, The National Trust for Scotland, 4, Great Stuart Street, Edinburgh 3.

THE HOUR-GLASS AT KNOWLE

SIR,—I was very much interested in the photograph you published recently of the hour-glass in the pulpit of the

NORTH ARCADE OF HARROW CHURCH SHOWING POSITION OF THE MONUMENT

(Right) SKETCH BY JOHN
FLAXMAN, R.A., FOR THE
LYON MONUMENT IN
HARROW CHURCH

See letter: A Flaxman Monument at Harrow

Parish Church of Knowle, Warwickshire, more especially as my father and mother were natives of Knowle, and were married in the church.

Perhaps the following details of the hour-glass may be of interest. They are taken from notes made by Canon Downing:

The hour-glass was made by the village carpenter in 1673. The following is taken from the churchwardens' accounts in that year:

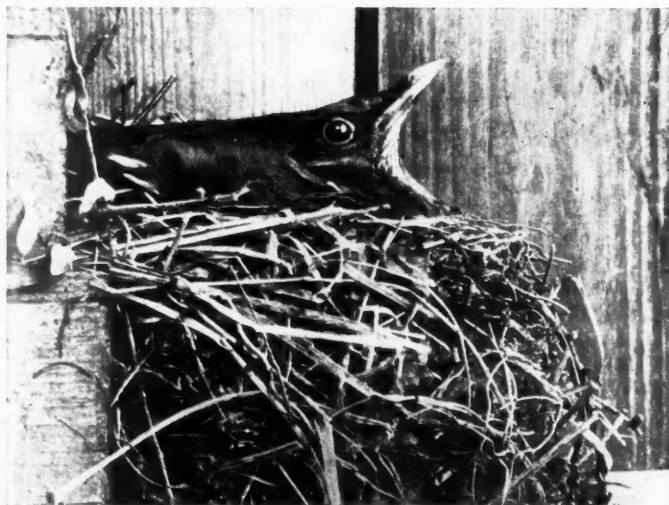
February 23rd for the hour glass
frame to W. Needler... 0 04 6
Pd for the glass ... 0 00 8

The sand runs for a merciful twenty minutes. The hour-glass was lost for many years, found in an antique shop in Birmingham by Mr. Melson, of Lapworth, and given back to the church after his death.

—W. J. CHINN, 20, Beechgrove
Terrace, Aberdeen.

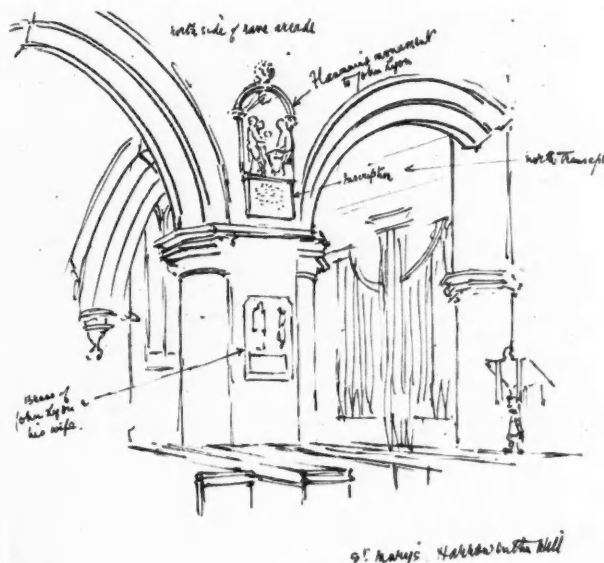
A BLACKBIRD'S CONFIDENCE

SIR,—In a recent number of COUNTRY LIFE one of your correspondents, Mr. R. Wrigley, wrote an interesting account of a tame blackbird.



THE BLACKBIRD AFTER THE REMOVAL

See letter: A Blackbird's Confidence



owing to the inconspicuous position it occupies, familiar to comparatively few Harrovians. Both are the work of John Flaxman, R.A., and are carved in high relief.

Executed in 1815, the Harrow monument follows the general composition of the Winchester relief and, like it, shows a master accompanied by three pupils. The Lyon monument at Harrow has a special value in connection with the history of the school on account of its association with the Founder. Some two hundred and twenty years after his death, Flaxman as leading sculptor of the day, was commissioned to undertake it and it was set up, as a memorial to the Founder, in the space in the north arcade of the nave immediately above the original Elizabethan brasses of himself and his wife, now fixed upon the wall just above the place where they were buried.

Flaxman's sketch for the Warton monument at Winchester is preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum, but his design for the Lyon monument had been lost sight of. Lately, however, a highly accomplished drawing



I had an experience with an equally confiding bird of this species. During the construction of a new path a shrub which was being removed was found to contain a blackbird's nest in which were three hard-set eggs. The nest was carefully removed and placed on a shelf of a closely adjacent open shed.

To the surprise of all concerned, within half-an-hour the hen blackbird was calmly incubating the eggs as though nothing unusual had happened. Later, the young were successfully reared in the new site.—M. S. W., *Windermere, Westmorland.*

A FLAXMAN MONUMENT AT HARROW

SIR,—The beautiful marble monument erected in 1801 to Joseph Warton, Headmaster of Winchester College, which stands in the south aisle close to the main entrance to the Cathedral, is known to the majority of Wykehamists.

In St. Mary's Church, Harrow, is a fine monument to John Lyon, Founder of Harrow School, somewhat similar to that at Winchester, but,

by the artist, in the collection of Mr. Iolo Williams, described as "A Monument to a Schoolmaster," was identified as the actual design for the mural tablet upon the wall of Harrow Church.

The drawing, which measures eight inches by seven, depicts, like that for the Warton monument, a master seated instructing three boys who stand, picturesquely grouped, before him. Beside his seat are three books inscribed with their titles in Latin or in Greek, *Cicero, Homer, and The New Testament*. In the curved space above the group is the figure of a lion "passant." In the finished relief the lion "passant" becomes a lion "rampant" (the crest of Harrow School), and surmounts the composition, the three books are omitted, and below the relief is placed a tablet with a long inscription in Latin, which records that the monument was erected in 1815 by the governors, masters and pupils of the school in memory of the Founder, who died in 1592.

The master here represented is said to be the famous Dr. George Butler, Head Master of Harrow from

1805 to 1829, and his three pupils the orphan sons of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval—the Prime Minister, who was assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons in 1812. The inscription was composed by Dr. Samuel Parr, another eminent Harrovian and a fine Latin scholar who excelled as a writer of Latin epitaphs.

I am grateful to Mr. Iolo Williams for permission to photograph the drawing, to Mr. Arthur Gardner for the photograph of the monument, to Mr. Maurice Clarke for his sketch of the interior of Harrow Church showing the monument, and to Mr. R. W. Moore, Head Master of Harrow, for his guidance and help.—H. CLIFFORD SMITH, 25, Campden Grove, Campden Hill, Kensington, W.8.

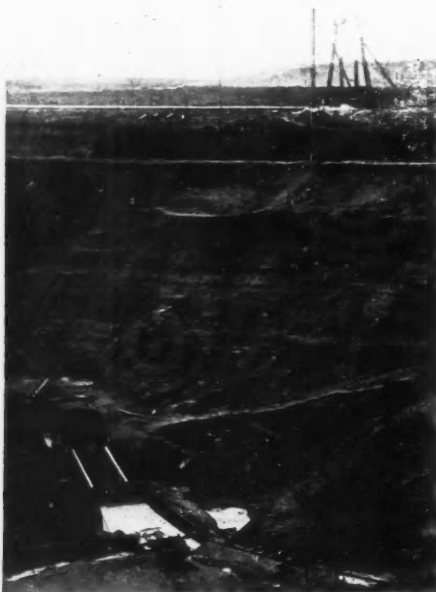
RECORD YEAR FOR BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—I was much interested in the letters published in your issue of August 24. On September 8, while out slooting with my father on the Norman Court estate, in Hampshire, eight miles east of Salisbury, I captured a perfect male specimen of a Bath white. I spotted it on the stubble, and took off my jersey and stalked and captured it—the first I have ever seen alive. I live in hope of getting another one, as I am only 12 years old.

A neighbour captured a Camberwell beauty last month, a few hundred yards from the field where I found my Bath white.—DAVID GIBSON BISHOP, East Dean House, near Salisbury.

A BAD YEAR LOCALLY

SIR,—I was surprised to learn, from a letter in a recent issue that this is regarded as a good season for butterflies in the South-west. Speaking of a district extending from Babbacombe to Brixham, which abounds in flowers both wild and cultivated, I should assert the exact opposite. There are a moderate number of cabbage whites, wood argus, meadow browns and small tortoiseshells; for the rest, I have seen a dozen blues of various species, one red admiral, one clouded yellow, two or three painted ladies:



WHERE CORNISH CLAY, THE SOURCE OF KAOLIN, IS MINED

See letter: Cornish Clay

no coppers, fritillaries or peacocks. This phenomenon is only a part of a general scarcity of insects of all kinds—hardly any gnats, midges, wasps, wild bees or dragon flies. The continuous hum of insects usually the accompaniment of high Summer is totally lacking.



WHERE IS IT?

See letter: What Ancient Font is this?

The weather has been favourable to insect life: a mild Winter, except for a week's rather severe frost at Christmas; a warm Spring; rather a cool Summer, but plenty of sunshine and moderate rainfall.—WALTER A. ELLIS, Paignton, Devon.

WHAT ANCIENT FONT IS THIS?

SIR,—I am very anxious to identify the ancient font depicted in my photograph, and have failed to do so. I have consulted several books dealing with fonts and mediæval (and earlier) architecture, but have not been able to trace it. Can any of your antiquarian readers tell me where it is? It is obvious that it is in an important church.—CLIVE HOLLAND, Ealing, W.5.

CORNISH CLAY

SIR,—Your article on the clay of Dartmoor reminds me of a Cornish clay mine, of which I enclose a snapshot. Before the war, this clay was second only to coal on the list of raw materials exported from this country—nearly a million tons a year, mostly from an area of some 30 square miles round St. Austell, the chief port from which it is sent.

These "blancmange mines" go down to a depth of up to 300 feet; it takes 6 tons of clay to produce a ton of pure kaolin, and the work is mostly done by water-power. Jets of water directed with tremendous force against the sides of the pit wash down the clay. At the bottom of the pit it passes through a series of settling beds to remove impurities and it is finally dried in kilns and cut into blocks for sending away.—M. W., Hereford.

WILD ARUM LILIES

SIR,—When it is mid-Winter and the coldest and wettest part of the year, here all around Cape Town, by the side of every rill and almost in every field are great masses of beautiful wild arum lilies. They last all through the Winter. Because they are so common one seldom hears any remark about their beauty. The country people call them *vark lilies*, which means pig lilies, because I think pigs nose out the bulbs for food.

If I remember rightly, in England they were expensive flowers, costing a shilling to half a crown each and used mainly at weddings and funerals. I saw the beautiful floral decorations in Ormesby church on Easter Sunday and there, in a pot brought from The Hall greenhouses, was one solitary beautiful arum lily.—J. E. MILES, Woodstock, Cape Province, South Africa.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S HOME

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of Heath House, Knutsford, Cheshire, the home of Higgins, "The Highwayman" of De Quincey's essay. Higgins lived the life of a country gentleman, but was a Jekyll and Hyde, entertaining his guests in the evening, and setting out later to "collect his rents" from them as they made their way home. Like all those of his type, Higgins was finally discovered. A ball was held at one of the large Knutsford inns, and among those present was Higgins, who particularly admired the jewels adorning Lady Warburton. Leaving the gathering early, Higgins rode over to Arley, five miles away, and waited for Lady Warburton's coach to come that way. At last the



THE JOUGS OF KILMAURS

See letter: An Ayrshire Relic

carriage hove in sight and Higgins, after adjusting his mask, drew across the leaders with the usual cry, "Stand and deliver!" Lady Warburton, however, either suspected Higgins or recognised his voice, for, before he could relieve her of her jewellery, she called out, "Good evening, Mr.

Higgins! Why did you leave the hall so early?" After that the highwayman was not seen in Knutsford, leaving his wife and children to fend for themselves, and was next heard of holding up travellers on the Bath Road. Eventually he paid the extreme



THE HOME OF HIGHWAYMAN HIGGINS

See letter: A Highwayman's Home

penalty at Carmarthen in 1767, for a murder committed at Bristol.

Cheshire in the eighteenth century seems to have had more than her share of gentlemen of the road. Turpin operated there on several occasions; then there were Edward Miles, the mail robber, and James Prince and Thomas Brown, who always operated together, and finally swung from the same gallows tree at Brown Heath, Chester.—CYRIL R. ROWSON, Liverpool:11.

AN AYRSHIRE RELIC

SIR,—Perhaps you might be interested in this photograph of a set of joughs that still dangle from the walls of the old Town Hall in the centre of the main street of the small Ayrshire town of Kilmaurs. These served the same purpose as the "stocks" more commonly seen in England; and are reported to have been last used to punish theft in 1812. Apart from this Kilmaurs itself is rather interesting. The name, derived from St. Maure who died about 899, was adopted in the thirteenth century in place of Cunninghamham. The cutlery trade, which gave rise to the Ayrshire proverb "as gleg as a Kilmaurs whittle," has now died out.—S. McCLELLAND, Airdrie, Lanarkshire.

Sir Ambrose Heal points out that in his article, *An 18th-century Cricket* (September 21) he inadvertently gave the date of the Lord's Cricket match illustrated as 1787, instead of 1793.

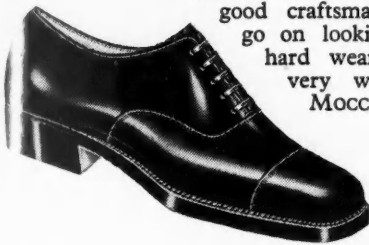


A DRIFT OF WILD ARUM LILIES IN CAPE PROVINCE

See letter: Wild Arum Lilies



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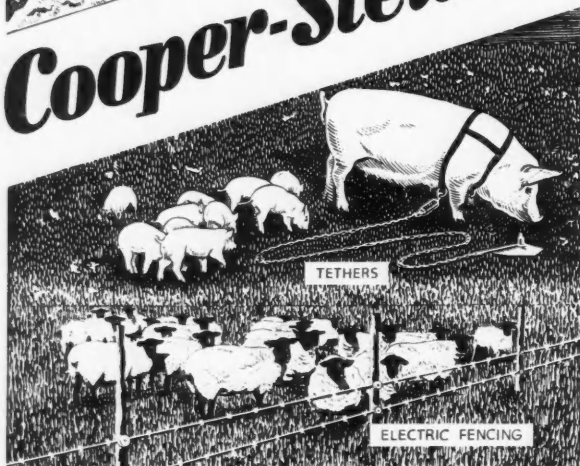
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FARMING NOTES

THE FUTURE FARMER

ASCHOOLMASTER who has one of the senior boys' schools in a Midland county told me that he is much worried by the refusal of almost all his boys to think of agriculture as a career. Out of 42 boys who left the school last year only one has gone into farming. Yet half these boys come from the villages and a good proportion of them are farmers' sons. The schoolmaster found that it was usually the parents who decided against farming. Some of the boys would quite gladly have gone on the land with a little encouragement. He himself does not feel that he should try to persuade the parents against their will because there is, as he says, too little opportunity for technical training that will ensure that the intelligent boy has a chance to make his way and does not get stuck in a backwater either on the family's farm or with a farmer who regards a pupil as cheap labour. This is a serious problem. If British agriculture is to go ahead it needs to recruit the type of boy who attends the senior school and we must somehow provide technical training as well as practical experience for the boy who stays at school until he is sixteen and then goes into farming.

Farm Institutes in all Counties

IN due course every county should have its own farm institute. It is there that the intelligent boy with a good education who has subsequently gained some practical experience will be able to get the technical training that is an essential part of the equipment of the modern farmer. A man who is spending several hundred pounds a year on fertilisers does need to know why superphosphate acts differently from sulphate of ammonia. Certainly the advisory posts in Government service or with one of the big commercial firms will be open only to the young man who carries the diploma or degree of an agricultural college or farm institute. Some of the counties are now moving ahead with their plans for farm institutes. Where there was nothing before the war the county council has purchased a suitable property and it is now being fitted out as a training centre. First it will be used for training men coming out of the Services who want to go into farming. After a year or so farm institutes will be available for the boys and girls of every county who mean to make their career on the land. Some counties have not yet found the right premises. They must press ahead, and I hope the Ministries of Agriculture and Education insist on speedy action now.

Young Farmers' Clubs

THE young farmers' clubs are doing a good job in giving some preliminary training to the rising generation of farmers and farmers' wives. Lectures and discussions in the Winter months and visits to outstanding local farms in the Summer all help to whet the appetite for new knowledge. One boy, who left school at 14 and now has an excellent herd of British Friesians built up by himself, owes his ideas and enterprise to his membership of the local young farmers' club. He has had a chance to see what others are doing and hear talks about pedigree breeding which made him keen to get ahead himself. I have a suggestion to make to the young farmers' clubs. They could greatly help many budding farmers by drawing up a list of good farmers, small as well as large, who are prepared to take learners for six months or a year after they leave school. The

boy would be approved by the local club and so would the farmer. To-day there is not any organisation which puts farmer and farm pupil in touch. Some of the county agricultural organisers are helpful in this way, but it is not really their job. A little collaboration between the County Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs and the County Branch of the National Farmers' Union would, I am sure, meet a need that is growing as more boys who are not farmers' sons, turn to farming as a career. A leading farmer in the south said to me recently that he is swamped with applications from public school boys who want to come for training on his farm. He started by taking two boys waiting to be called up in 1940, and he has continued the good work, incidentally getting a name for his farm as a good place to which to go. But he will not take more than two boys at a time. If they are to learn serious farming and to be useful, two is enough in his opinion. I mentioned this idea of apprenticeships through the young farmers' clubs and he thought it well worth passing on. So I do so now.

Two Strange Sights

TWO new things I have noticed this Autumn. One is the wealth of mushrooms growing in my field of potatoes. This was an old grass field which, since the plough went in, has carried two wheat crops and now a potato crop. It was not an especially good field for mushrooms. In the last fortnight they have been thick in the rows, even surviving the spraying with sulphuric acid. We held off picking them until there had been some rain after the spraying. What had brought them on so strongly? Was it the farm-yard manure that went on to the land for the potatoes, or was it the potash salts in the fertiliser that was applied? The other novelty was the sight of some wheat sprouting in the standing ear. The crop was left until late for cutting because it was on land farmed by the war agricultural committee and rightly the orders were to deal first with farmers' crops and leave the committee's crops till last. A full 90 per cent of the grains had sprouted in the last fortnight the crop stood before the combine went in. The variety of wheat, Holdfast, has a reputation for "growing out" in the stook, but I had never before seen this happen in the standing ear.

Prisoners and Potatoes

ALL the extra prisoners of war now available for farm work should enable everyone to press on with potato lifting in good time. I hope we shall never again hear of good crops left in the ground until after Christmas because of the lack of hands to lift them. I believe we have well over 100,000 prisoners, mostly Germans, in the camps supplying farm labour. They are at the call of the war agricultural committees and the farmer who wants help with lifting potatoes or sugar-beet should be able to telephone the district office and get his men the next day. This may not be possible for a week or two when everyone is calling for help, but the numbers of prisoners in most arable districts have so increased since the early Summer that most demands should be met. The next problem is to organise the potato-lifting drill to get a full tonnage up and clamped each day. The farmer who normally grows only a patch of potatoes which he lifts in his own time, possibly with the help of some schoolchildren, is likely to be caught out by a team of 10 lusty Germans who work steadily right through the day. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

THE CONVERSION OF MANSIONS

ALIKE in London and the country, the number of large mansions in use for their primary purpose of private residence is suffering a steady reduction, not by demolition or anything of that sort, but because of their conversion to other uses.

ALTERNATIVES TO CITY ACCOMMODATION

NEARLY every week comes news of Town houses ceasing to be residential and becoming offices, generally of large concerns that have, at last and reluctantly, relinquished any hope of finding accommodation in the City. Foreseeing the risk of enemy action in London, a great many important firms acquired emergency quarters in country districts. Some went as far as the Welsh border for them, and Government Departments were moved to North Wales and Yorkshire and elsewhere. Insurance companies and other concerns divided their departments, and, in one well-known instance, transferred the life section to a Hertfordshire house and the fire section to a house in Surrey. The general return to London will leave vacant many of the houses that were thus in temporary use for business, and sales and re-sales of some such properties, notably a historic seat in Surrey, have already taken place. But, as in the case of innumerable London houses, the alterations that had to be made to fit most of the houses for their new purposes have unfitted them for resumption residentially.

EDUCATIONAL PURPOSES

IT was fortunate for some of the principal schools that, having to quit the Home Counties, they found a hospitable welcome in other notable schools that had long been established in what in the war period came to be known as "safe" areas. Proprietary boarding-schools, requiring a great deal of house-room and ample grounds, account for the diversion from their original use of nearly 100 country houses in the last few years, and release from requisitioning is expected to provide an opportunity for other schools that need more room. Whatever the special purpose for which mansions are taken may be, the result is the same—a reduction of the number of purely residential places. Compared to the total number of large country houses the number thus diverted may not seem very considerable, but it must be remembered that no new mansions have been built in recent years, and that, as far as anyone can see at the moment, it is unlikely that any more mansions on a vast scale will be built. Economic and social changes militate against it and, only this week, the agent for one of the finest seats in the South of England remarked, in private conversation, as he looked sadly across at a noble pile, "the family is finally leaving the place in the next year, for it is too big and too expensive to be run any longer. Probably the mansion will become some sort of institution. Nobody would dream of making it into a guest-house."

FUTURE OF LAVINGTON PARK

WHEN Lavington Park came into the market, just after the death of Lord Woolavington, the Sussex mansion had 2,000 acres appurtenant to it. Now, with 325 acres, it has been acquired for a school. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley effected the sale, and they have acted in one way or another in all the dealings with the estate in recent years. Both Lord Woolavington, and

the late Captain Euan Wallace who followed him, for all too brief a time, as purchaser and occupier, lavished money on the improvement of the seat. Lavington Park forms part of the ancient manor of Woolavington, once held by the Earls of Arundel. In 1599 Giles Garton, one of the wealthy ironmasters in Sussex, bought the manor.

He built a house that until 1790 was the home of his descendants. In that year John Sargent, M.P., husband of the heiress of the estate, substituted a Georgian mansion. This forms the east wing of the present seat, the late Lord Woolavington's other alterations of the mansion including extensive additions, among them a galleried ballroom 50 feet in length. The personal story of Lavington has an ecclesiastical flavour, for Bishop Wilberforce married John Sargent's daughter, and from their descendants Lord Woolavington bought it, and until 1851 the living of the church on the estate was held by the future Cardinal Manning, a relative of the Sargent family.

Mr. Noel Coward intends to sell Goldenhurst, his East Kent house and nearly 150 acres, between Ashford and Folkestone. The associated agents for him are Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Mr. Alfred J. Burrows.

SALES BY PRIVATE "ENTREATY"

EXAMINATION of the proposals of the Committee that has lately reported on the possibility of the control of the selling price of houses leaves no doubt that the adoption of the methods recommended by the Committee must not only make an end of auctions of certain classes of houses, but it must equally nullify negotiations by private treaty, perhaps substituting what may be called private "entreaty." The suggested procedure rests on the arbitrary decision of District Valuers of the Inland Revenue as to the valuation. The figure, in a vast number of instances purely conjectural, of the selling price in 1939 may be increased by 50 per cent. The sum so arrived at is to be the maximum that an owner is to be entitled to. He is debarred from taking any other consideration into account, and penalties, as yet not prescribed, will be imposed for the heinous offence of accepting or even suggesting it. The difficulty, originally pointed out in these columns, of dealing with say a dozen or a score of persons all eager to pay the officially fixed price is proposed to be surmounted by bringing into the affair another body of officials, for all would-be buyers must plead their cause before members or officials of the local authority. Thus private treaty between a willing vendor and a willing purchaser, the age-long method of fair bargaining in every market, will be done away with. Auctions and private treaty of houses up to a certain value will cease.

PARALYSING THE MARKET

THE play of the market as between owners and prospective purchasers, and public competition in the auction room, will be alike impossible if the recommendations of the Committee receive sanction in Parliament. There is some talk of an appellate tribunal that could be approached by aggrieved owners, that is to say owners who considered the officially-fixed price grossly inadequate, but recourse to such a body necessarily involves expense and anxiety. The result will inevitably be that owners will refrain from selling house property.

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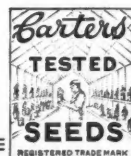
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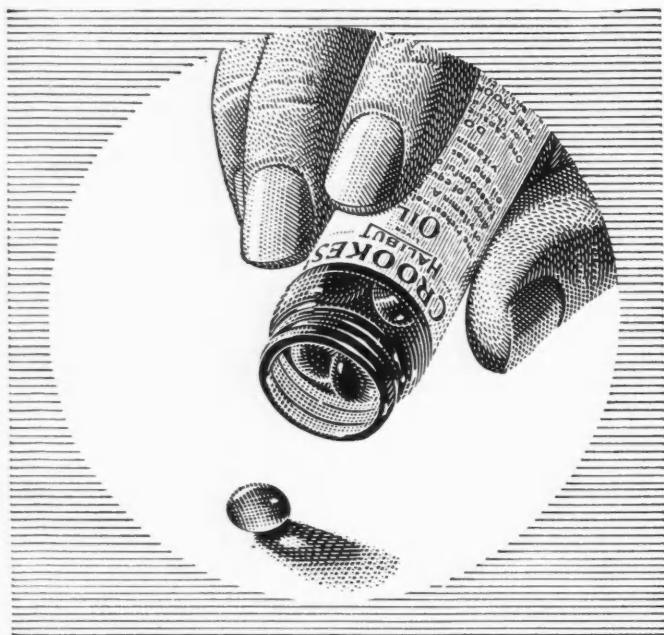
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NEW BOOKS

FREYA STARK AND HER MOTHER

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

THOSE who know the writings of Miss Freya Stark and the intimacy with the East which they display will not be surprised that the Government made use of her services during the war. In Aden, in the Yemen, and elsewhere she helped to make known the British case and to further the Allied cause.

She was not a propagandist of the customary type. How unusual her methods could be one example will show. She was in Aden when our men stood on the beaches of Dunkirk, and there seemed little reason why the East should believe that in the long run we would win. It was small wonder, then, that Miss Stark should find "pamphlets, posters, everything with which London Information had hitherto supplied us was becoming uselessly inappropriate." Who but she would have thought of Wordsworth?

WORDSWORTH FOR ARABS

"I wondered if the sonnets of Wordsworth would appeal to the Arabs of Aden in a time of danger, and gave them to Muhammad to take home. He came to the office next morning with the same bright light in his eyes and two sonnets already translated into Arabic verse. 'This,' he said to me with a sort of vehemence, 'this is for the Arabs. It is brave.' We thought that through Aden and the small coast towns, where readers are few, we might sell 500 copies, printed in tiny volumes. Muhammad worked at them, and Stewart printed 2,000: every copy was sold and more were asked for. Muhammad was right; the poet's words carried Dunkerque straight to the Arab heart."

Miss Stark tells this small but deeply significant story in her new book *East is West* (Murray, 12s. 6d.). Though her war-time experiences form the background pattern of the narrative, her intention is wider than the telling of a personal story. She wishes to draw attention (as her title strikingly does) to what she calls the "symptom of historic tragedy": and this tragedy is the failure to be aware of an awakening nation. "The To-day of those who talk about Arabia is Yesterday to the Arabs themselves. . . . The desert, with all its enchantment, no longer gives the essential picture of Arabian life."

She suggests, indeed, that the desert never was the essential picture. Rather it was "the line of trading cities which stretched, and still stretches, from Mosul, Baghdad and Basra in the East, through Antioch and Alexandretta (now Turkish), Aleppo, Homs, Hama, Damascus, Jerusalem and Cairo."

In this wide-flung Arab world Miss Stark finds the growth of unity in diversity. "The spirit of nationalism,

growing intensely during the years of this century, has also brought out the ancient and underlying variety, very much as the rise of nationalism in Europe broke the surface unity of the Christian church. It seemed, twenty years or so ago, as if this centrifugal process would eventually disrupt such

Arab unity as remained; but a new, and not a separatist tendency is abroad in the world to-day; and the blending of these two strands—towards individual nationalism and commonwealth amalgamation—will provide much of the interest of Arabian history in the coming time."

Three factors, this author thinks, have contributed to the awakening of Arabia: "the internal combustion engine, the (mostly) American educator, and the British Government." Our Government's part, Miss Stark thinks, has been great and beneficial. Writing of the general peace and prosperity of the Arab world to-day, she says: "Not all this has been done by Britain; but all has been made possible by the mere fact that Britain is interested in the integrity of Arabia. Like a great rock in a thirsty land, she has not grown the herbage in her shadow, but her shadow—by being there—has permitted the herbage to grow. If anyone doubts this, let him but look at the map of Europe and think how different the fate of many small nations might have been if the paths of commerce had made it vitally necessary for Britain from the very beginning to keep their frontiers safe."

THE YOUNG EFFENDI

In this rebirth of Arabia, the person who is coming to the top is the young middle-class man. "This book is, or tries to be, the picture of the young effendi and of the background against which he moves."

Background is always important in a book by Miss Stark. To those who read it as a piece of literature (and each of her books is that) as well as for the information it contains, the background may well be the more enduring part. For when Arab problems, like all other problems, have either solved themselves or (as problems will) minted themselves into new shapes for new times, one will still want to go on reading a writer who can write like this: "In spring and summer the silver-slippered rain storms scurry by, shining and beneficent, casting shadows and green patches on the clear, sparse, open land; and its villages, clusters of hut-small-windowed and dark, by cultivating ever the same fields in the same places, and building themselves over and over again on their own ruins, have grown immutable almost as their landscape, islanded as it were upon themselves."

While Miss Stark was working

for our Intelligence in Arabia, her mother was living in the small Italian town of Asolo, not far from Venice. She had been there for a long time, a friend of the small community, and she conducted there a silk-weaving industry that made "the most beautiful stuffs in Italy of their kind."

Mrs. Stark had "no feeling for politics at all," says Miss Stark, in an introduction to her mother's little book *An Italian Diary* (Murray, 6s.). "They never penetrated her consciousness, and fascists and anti-fascists were equally fond of her." This did not prevent her from being arrested in 1940—"an effort," says Miss Stark, "of the fascist government, annoyed by my work in the Yemen, at reprisals in the German style."

IMPRISONED LADY

As imprisonment goes, this was not a rigorous affair. The prison, true, was old-fashioned and insanitary; but the governor was considerate and did what he could; the fellow-prisoners treated Mrs. Stark as a grand lady and performed many small comforting offices for her, and her influential Italian friends visited her with gifts and pulled the strings which resulted in a speedy release.

But she was not wholly free. She had to live in Pesaro, under what seems to have been negligible supervision, and finally she left the country, lived for a while with friends in California, and died there in 1942.

It was altogether an annoying rather than a hard experience. Nevertheless, a woman of her age and background might have made it the matter of bitter reflection. But never, surely, was it more true than in this lovely book that "stone walls do not a prison make." For this is a book of sweetness and light from end to end; and long after the events that gave rise to it have been forgotten, it will be turned to for its intrinsic goodness and beauty.

It gives us pictures of the prison and the prisoners, of the Italian scene through which she moved in the time of her surveillance, of friends and chance-met strangers; and through it all there shines a loveliness of spirit which permits us to read with no sense of exaggeration Miss Stark's exclamation: "But goodness has in itself such royalty that when we see we recognise it as immune from death: we think of the lives that embody it as heartbeats of a Timeless radiance, small temporal pulses of Love itself, and therefore everlasting."

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE BOOK

Describing an Italian countryside, Mrs. Stark says: "I should like to begin life all over again and be a landscape painter and wander all over Italy, painting not large important pictures but small reminders of loveliness seen." She could not more aptly have described what, in fact, she has done, though inevitably within smaller compass than one could have wished. Not large important pictures are here, but lovely vignettes, "reminding one always," as she herself was reminded, "of Carpaccio and Bellini." With all my heart I commend this beautiful little book, so necessarily reminding us that there is more to Italy than politics, big bosses and big mouths.

Miss Stark says the Italians loved her mother "because she lent to the public world and its regulations only that minimum of attention necessary for the carrying on of business."

This, it seems to me, is the truly civilised attitude to life, threatened, as it is to be engulfed by the excessive

poking of public noses into private affairs that increases all about us. I was reminded of it in reading Mr. H. M. Tomlinson's *The Turn of the Tide* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.). This is a collection of writings, the longest being *Log of a Voyage*, 1935.

PASSPORTS, UPSIDE DOWN

Mr. Tomlinson landed at Athens. "We had to wait aboard till the police had arrived and had examined our passports, upside down. The police do that everywhere we go, and they are armed. You must wait. Forty years ago in this sea my passport was asked for nowhere but at Tripoli of Barbary, then under the rule of Abdul the Damned; and his examination was perfunctory. The police and customs officers, all that time ago, cared nothing for what I was, or what I had with me, but put doubts aside with eloquent hands, and were friendly with advice. They had no fear of strangers. We had freedom then, but did not know it. To-day, without the credentials of papers, signed and sealed, you dare not move; you are worse than a criminal; you have no right to exist."

And this was a voyage of ten years ago. To-day things are much worse. I see from the newspapers that, if you want to go to Southern Ireland, you spend two hours filling in papers at Holyhead, and another two when you want to come back. And doesn't Peter Fleming tell how, even in the wilds of Tartary, he was held up and his "papers" demanded?

THE PEST OF "PAPERS"

These "papers" are one of the pests of our time, the bulbous public nose pushed in so vulgarly and impertinently that I want to punch it at sight. More than this, it does, I am convinced, more to exacerbate public relations, more to prevent the free flow and friendly understanding of common people, than almost anything else in the world to-day. Its evils far outweigh any evil that could come from a scoundrel or two moving about his unlawful occasions. It is the sign and symbol of the police-ridden state, which is, essentially, the state hagridden by fear, and fear is the root of half the greeds and aggressions of the world.

I can always be trusted to write hotly about passports. I hold them to be a primary sign of de-civilisation.

THE intensive study of a single species is a branch of ornithology that has been much to the fore of late. It is a method that yields good results, and this remark certainly applies to the latest example, Mr. A. F. C. Hillstead's book *The Blackbird* (Faber and Faber, 8s. 6d.), a study of the blackbird, for he has much of interest to tell us concerning this familiar bird. He deals with song, territory, individuality, mannerisms, display, courtship, nesting, etc. His remarks on individuality are particularly interesting as regards not only the blackbird's features but its faculties. The author stresses that no two birds are exactly alike in their actions and reactions. In his foreword he says: "it behoves us to remember that birds are living organisms, each and every one endowed with the power of individual action." He adds: "I am aware that the reduction of all behaviour to the level of a mere excitomotor impulse would simplify many of our problems. Unfortunately, observation in the field does not render this reduction possible." To appreciate Mr. Hillstead's work his book must be read, but probably only those accustomed to watch birds and observe their doings will realise the years of patient work it represents. F. P.



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CUT TO FOCUS INTEREST ON THE WAIST



PHOTOGRAPHS: STUDIO BUCKLEY

Herring-bone with a darned effect in the stripes—black and white Linton tweed with a full hem, widish sleeves, a green tie at the waist. Bradleys

(Right) A trouser stripe of check is inlet into this Bradley coat, which is in smooth dark grey tweed with more of the check on the inlet pockets and neat revers

THE much-boomed wasp-waist of Paris cannot make its début here as a mass fashion until the *corsetières* are given more and better materials and have their workpeople back. These dresses require a special corset to look really chic. While waists are certainly clearly defined on everything in this Winter's collection there is none of the tight-lacing or the ballooning fullness of Paris in London, where coupons are keeping clothes to a slim silhouette—even if it is less rigid than last year. The skin-tight clothes have gone and a graceful, moderately full skirt is featured on coats, dresses and suits. But there is nothing approaching the full billowing skirts, of flowered cotton and silk worn by the charming cycling girls of Paris this Summer.

But styles are veering and the *corsetières* have been put on their mettle and have produced a few of the brief, laced, boned corsets for the chic women of London to try out. Madame Rigby has one in satin, a tiny garment laced at the back, its only fastening. The hour-glass waist is emphasised by the natural curve of the hips which has been accentuated by rounded seaming and gusseting. This effect is not achieved by padding on the hips as in some models I have seen, but the corset is boned up to the bust in front like a Victorian's. It is a complete change in cut from the long moulded belts that we have been wearing for a decade. Madame Rigby makes these streamlined belts as well in all sizes and shapes, in satin and batiste, some boneless, others, for fuller figures with specially boned fronts and waistbands to control. All have a high curved line in front well above the natural waistline, but not nearly so high as the "Victorian" model. She makes them in peach and pale blue piped with violet or periwinkle and monogrammed in front, and they fit with the same precision as a tailor-made.

The doll-waist of Paris was featured in London at the exciting exhibition of miniature fashions which was sent over to Princes Galleries

by the great *couturières* of Paris in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. The figurines are exquisitely made of wire, from two to three feet in height, with beautifully modelled faces and *coiffures* specially designed by the most famous hairdressers in Paris. The clothes are brilliantly coloured and have all the verve we associate with Paris. Skirts spring out, almost violently, from minute waists, are circular, gored, pleated. Coats are full as the golf caps of the early part of the century. Sleeves are immense. There are ballooned sleeves, angel sleeves, full gathered sleeves, puffed sleeves; they are pleated to the wrist, ruffled, gauged, shaped like melons or balloons, leg-of-mutton. Summer coats and dresses are shown with wide elbow-length cape-sleeves to be worn with long wrinkled gloves. Hats look top-heavy by our standards. The clothes are the essence of sophistication. Paris has always created predominantly for the older woman and this exhibition shows that she considers that the *femme*





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élégante is to come into her own once more.

The evening dresses, almost all, have long elaborate sleeves. Waists look as minute as a Victorian's above the immense swaying skirts in satin and chiffon, the satins embroidered with sequins and *diamanté*. If the skirts sparkle with sequins, sleeves do not, and *vice versa*. Some dinner dresses have the bustles and puffed sleeves of the Edwardian period. Ankle-length soft crêpes, for dining at home, are girdled like a Grecian's with long wide sleeves all rainbow stripes, or sparkle with sequins. Some are more Grecian still in line with cross-over, gathered bodices and draped skirts. The whole impression is of yards and yards of material folded and draped, and this theme was carried on in the afternoon dresses where skirts as wide as a ballerina's, barely covering the knee, are shown over ruffled petticoats.

THIS more sophisticated note in fashion was also clearly in evidence at the show of Utility clothes at Selfridge's where cocktail




Afternoon coats and dresses shown at the exhibition of dolls held by the Paris dressmakers in aid of the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund

dresses were included for the first time. A trio of sleek little frocks in crêpe, black, violet and mushroom, have been designed to be the background for jewellery. The black has long shirt sleeves and a demure cut-out neckline. Coats are more dramatic in line,

included with both long and short sleeves; one, made with sleeves buttoning just below the elbow, in navy blue wool had an open V neck, buttoned to the waist with a panel skirt—both slimming and chic. Jaeger showed some outstanding suits, a thick brown and plum lined tweed with a Norfolk jacket and some plain tweeds with one of the useful, all-purpose hip-length, straight jackets and a plain, four-seamed skirt.

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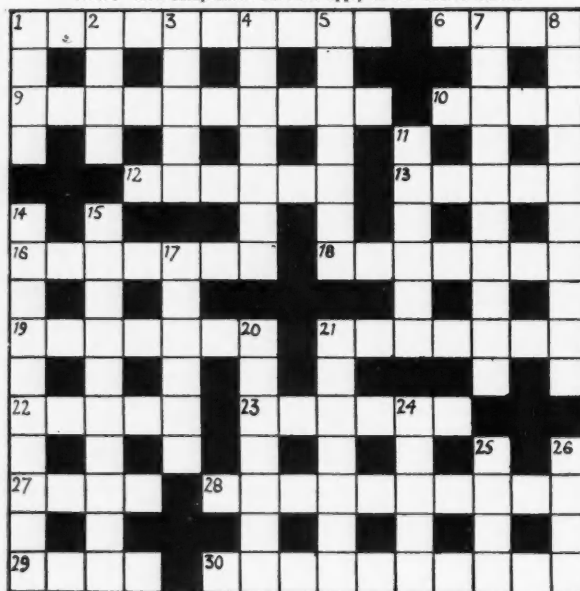
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CROSSWORD No. 819

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 819, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, October 11, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

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SOLUTION TO No. 818. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 28, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—3, Rebel; 8, Mirage; 9, Octave; 10, Co-ordinate; 11, Opal; 12, Mouthful; 14, Orgies; 16, Admiral Van Tromp; 18, Soused; 20, Honestly; 23, Apes; 24, Relegating; 26, Cavern; 27, Isabel; 28, Satin. DOWN.—1, Kimono; 2, Fair; 3, Relief; 4, Balaclava helmet; 5, Love-lorn; 6, Strong arms; 7, Aviate; 12, Meals; 13, Twin sister; 15, Sappy; 17, Andirons; 19, Orphan; 21, Noggin; 22, Linked; 25, Tram.

ACROSS.

1. Does it take the edge off the clouds? (10)
6. Look closely: one is able to do most of it (4)
9. Clearly squabbles, one might say (they come to court, anyway) (10)
10. What the ace may describe (4)
12. This dog would know how to deal with a bone (6)
13. A large bid for the coffer? (5)
16. His speech may not be silver, but merely false coin (7)
18. "Entangled in the cobwebs of the —" —Cowper (7)
19. Somewhat snappish judge (7)
21. A knightly piece of beef (7)
22. Gloomy (5)
23. The hair gets caught up in them (6)
27. Shape of things at Kennington (4)
28. When we were not very young, or very old (6, 4)
29. Homer does now and again (4)
30. A green stem (anagr.) (10)

DOWN.

1. Dinner for Cerberus (4)
2. Its pilgrims are Meredith's swallows (4)
3. Why, there's nothing in the cane (5)
4. He's more often an airman these days (4)
5. Essays (7)
7. Not the proverbial one that cheers, but it may well be on a cold night (3, 2, 5)
8. Absent in fact (3, 7)
11. Sisera's looked out at a window for him (3)
14. The lamps of heaven (3, 3, 4)
15. It sounds as if the back of the house were unshakable, but the horse knows best (10)
17. Withdraw, and dress again? (6)
20. It will show you how to ski in a ring (7)
21. See all round the pond! (7)
24. Reverie (5)
25. "Hast thou named all the birds wit out — —?" —Emerson (1, 3)
26. Sweet are adversity's (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 817 is

Mrs. Irene G. Martin,
12, Westlecot Road,
Swindon, Wiltshire.

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